The Times.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II.} NO. 15.} GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 66.

Life Pictures

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HIGHWAYS & BY-WAYS.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

Author of "Foot-prints of the Pestilence," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

A Denouement.

"I'll confront him boldly, and alone, first of all. The good God never formed a man *all* of evil; and though the Devil's had the most hand in the workin over of this customer, Jack's heart kinder misgives him when he thinks of settin' a fellow creetur to shame before so many faces. I'll see if he'll *give in* without it." So reasoned Jack Gilbert as with a warm hug he sent Bouncer forth to his days duties in Commerce Street, the master of a mighty secret, and not an unworthy recipient of those details which served to clear up some vague, mysterious dreamings which had from time to time floated through the boy's brain, who, Topsy-like, had no better defined idea of his antecedents than that he "*Spect he growed.*" Certainly all his notions of parentage or birthright might have been summed up into a code of reckoning no more explicit. There was, haunting the dim crypts of his memory a spectre loved and loving, a presence he sometimes found strange joy in turning to, as to one who had somewhere lovingly led him through dark and devious and rough ways—and lost itself,—coming and going now but in and with the shadows. Something innate whispered that this form was now presented incarnate in Jack Gilbert the old seaman.

There was a rehearsal at the Broadway Theatre that morning,—nothing uncommon,—surely not, save that it proceeded Kate Robinson's debut upon that stage, and was the occasion of an excited chat betwixt Bouncer and his friend and favorite Adele Sajus—the pretty (*American.*) "French *danseuse*"—"Where's Kitty?" inquired Bouncer as they met in the lobby where Adele seemed to be in search of some lost article.

"She's in here;—call her *Kate*, don't call her *Kitty*, she don't like it."

"That's cause it reminds her of old times when her father sold sassengers. But what are you looking for?"

"Oh, Bouncer, dear, do help me!—the bracelet, lost; but I know right well its that man at Mrs. Bank's lodgings in Bleecker Street. Oh! and if I live to get out of here wont I send the police after my gentleman in a hurry!" and Adele stamped her tiny foot in very impatience.

"Who is *he* Miss Adele?"

"Why I don't know, but a pale, sickly looking somebody who lodges next door to my mantua-maker, at 67, third floor. Oh, he's got it!—he's got it!"

"Why do you think he got it?" asked Bouncer.

"Why because *you* weren't there; it had a name upon it which would have made your fingers burn. Do you think I've forgotten 'Leda', that *heavenly angel* you tell us all about? Oh dear!—I wouldn't lose that trinket for love nor money. Old Abrams would never let me have another, to the longest day I lived. I know that scape-grace got it, for I went along, fool-like, holding it in my hand as I passed his door to Becky Barnes' room; there he was, creeping about the entry there, 'seeking what he might devour,'" and she laughed another boisterous laugh which half ran into a cry, when Bouncer offered to relieve her anxieties by going immediately to the place designated in search of the missing bracelet.

* * * *

Out into the open street, and down, and around, (transacting various items of business as he proceeded,) and finally, up that dusty stairway went Dick to the room where sat the pale Student conning his well-worn books.

"Better to day Captain?" he began—

"Thank you Richard, it is milder, and my complaint is not so troublesome this morning."

"Where's Aunty? Captain."

"Gone out some hours ago, still looking for some work; she can't be idle, it seems."

"Captin,' it's better to begin at the head o' things than at the feet, isn't it? All things is n't like the connecticut calf neither,—havin' two heads, an' so, Captin'—have you *h*accidentally seen a bracelet with *Leda* graved on the inside, dropped hereabouts? I've heard one complainin' of such a loss to day an' promised to look around, so I thought I'd fall in here, as the rain said to the gutter."

Everett smiled a perplexed smile and produced the bracelet which he stated he had found in the entry a short time after the little actress had departed, and recognized it before reading the superscription, as one which his cousin Leda used to wear.

"You were n't to have known anything about it, Captin," said Bouncer, "no indeed! never a syllable of it, but since Jews and Gentiles have been so careless a-keepin of a secret——No, but I was n't to tell you how she pulled off this bracelet as she sat there alone last night and heard me tell—I wont say *what*, and *who about*, she heard me tell; though, and with the tears in her angel's eyes she unclasped this and bade me take it to the pawn-brokers and get what I could, as would set his mind more at ease an' make him more comfortable, till she could get money to redeem this and do more for him; an' it aint the first time she's done the like, Captin; but don't say I told you, for I aint called no names;—she teached me not to call names, when I was a Sunday Scholar."

What thoughts, what encouragement, what resolves grew out of that day's revelations,—well, if the sequel does not prove or at least suggest, we have no business with them here.

"How came this Adele Sajus by this bracelet, Richard," asked his friend the suspected purloiner of the richly jewelled circlet, then glittering in his hand.

"Oh, she is in the way o' pawnin her stage dresses and whatever effects she has to old Abrams, for such of his incomings as plenses her fancy, uses said *h*articles for a night or so then changes off for some thin else takin care to pay the hire, so, as he tries her often an finds her honest, its all right side up. She must a stepped in soon as I left. I thought I see her a comin as I looked down street behind me. Oh, she's a Angel sir!" spoke Bouncer out of the fullness of his heart—going back in thought to Leda Fairchild, but giving no particular Topographical indication of the road in which his reflections were betaking themselves, save indeed that one apellation by which he was never known to designate any other than Leda and her twin spirit as he held her pupil *protegie*, Ida Warfield.

"Take back the jewels Richard," said Everett, aroused from a brief reverie by the boy's expression; "take them and their ransom—the money you received for their loan,—restore this to the Jew,—that to Leda Fairchild, and say that if it were not sacrilege, I could wish her brought low as I am now, that I might show her there is one heart that emulates hers in its high and holy truthfulness and unselfish devotion."

"You will not take the money, then?" inquired Bouncer, secretly resolving, however, to conceal from his fair commissaire, at least for a time, the transactions regarding it.

"No, I am up now again, my young friend, can study by day and resume my school at night, keep accounts, &c, and shall be able to make head-way now, God willing. Tell Leda this and that she may not think my pride (of which she so often speaks) has gained the better of me,—add that should I be in need again I will employ you to communicate with her. You are right, Richard, she is an angel."

"Had I seen her drop down from yonder," answered the boy, looking up, "I would n't be readier to swear it. She taught me all I ever know'd of that land where she came from,—where He, and such as she is, lives, and looks at us an' loves us; so its a comfort to me now sir, to think at times, when I lets alone evil things I'm tempted to do,—its a comfort to know that *these* sees me an' knows what work it is, an' sings aloud in gladness to see I've fought my way out an' left the Devil with the bag to hold."

"I'm glad you are able to construe Leda's precepts so well, Richard," remarked Everett, suppressing, his amusement at the rough but original language in which the boy clothed them;—the lesson was Leda's, the manner of presentation Bouncer's own, certainly.

"And now, Captin," continued that personage, "as Captin Cook said, while he sailed, and as the Butcher's said to the beef, time an agin, I must be *gettin around.*" And so went Bouncer, meeting *Mademoiselle* upon the front entry below and taking that anxious young lady along with him to make all straight at Abrams', then proceeding to propitiate Mrs. Curl for his little over-draft upon time, by settling up Mr. Wise's dues with the handful of *change* which Jack Gilbert had that morning pressed upon him, or rather, with such remains of which as he had not *lost* in Aunt Amy's corner of "the Captin's" room,—well knowing to what quarter they would go from her hands. A brief time previously Dick would gladly have received to any amount, whatever funds his generous benefactor might volunteer, but the jewels in charge promised enogh for present purposes and his unaccustomed vision seldom looked beyond, so, merely to pacify old Jack, he had consented to receive a portion of his voluntary bounty. Fortunately, when Mrs. J. K. C. of No. 14 chanced to encounter Aunt Amy in the street and express her gratification at the settlement, the old woman received the same with as much *sang froid* as though she had deputed her banker to call around and settle and with the same air informed her young Master that they had at last gotten rid of that Mrs. Curl. Fortunately, I say, all this was brought about, in a manner to preclude all unnecessary and useless questionings in the case;—either of Bouncer by Mrs. Curl, or of Aunt Amy by the young Master.

* * * *

In the Fairchild mansion, upon that morning sat, in luxurious *negligee* costume the heiress Leda, and Ida Warfield. It was a glorious apartment that sitting-room—the warm light stole in shy streams between the lattice-bars and through the crimson curtains, and then a soft halo around the heads of the two girls as they sat by the glowing grate, the one engaged with some sewing, the other bending over a table whereon were writing materials,—a costly desk of foreign workmanship with its appurtenances of golden inkstand, pens and fancy writing-papers of all styles and descriptions. A beautiful head bent thoughtfully over a page traced in light feminine characters.—"I can't make it suit me Leda, dear," said the girl as she rose hastily with tears glistening upon her long golden eye-lashes, and buried her head in her cousin's lap.

"Oh no matter, Ida darling," said Leda soothingly, "some time the inspiration will come, if not now;—don't be disheartened."

"Leda, do you know—" said the girl, raising her head and smiling through her tears,—"I believe I could write on foolscap?—that's what I need to give inspiration to *my style*, (as Miss Harper says,) it's portentious, but as Bouncer would say—if the cap fits me I must wear it.—May be its very silly in me to think I can write at all, but then Bouncer used to say that he and some of the boys,—I don't know who,—boys that *he* knew, would always get the paper to read, whenever any of my fragments came out in it. That's *something*, is it, Leda?"

"Where did you see Bouncer, little girl, to tell you that?" asked Leda chucking her under the chin, with a cast of anxiety in her tone which would to the initiated readily have revealed itself;—to Ida it did not, as she artlessly replied.—Oh that was some time ago, before he quit Sabbath-School, you know."

She had not recognized him on the previous evening, this was plain. And the young aspirant to Authorship set to her literary task again, and Leda to her labor of love in making up clothing for the poor children, in which quiet occupation she was ever and anon interrupted by the young girl beside her for some device peculiarly her own,—some word of hope to cheer her in the way she had chosen.

"I cannot write to day," said Ida, dashing down her pen after many weary efforts to compose and arrange those unmanageable affairs known as *ideas.*

"Do you feel like talking, Leda, love?"

"I don't know if I feel peculiarly gifted in the language line, if that is what you mean, little sister;"—and she looked lovingly at Ida. "I know it is sinsul to be sad save *for* sin, and yet I have felt a sort of presentiment of evil to day, of which I have been unable to divest myself though my panacea, in the form of needle and thread has done wonders for me since the early morning," continued Leda.

"You always find a *panacea* as you call it for every evil that may beset you, in the performance of some duty—or what you conceive to be duty."

"Ah no, little Ida,—don't in the fondness of your heart constitue me martyr. I have not one speck of martyr spirit about me,—wish I had; but this, or these works into which I enter, thank God for the blessed adaptation of circumstances, while they benefit me confer good upon others too, as, you see, when I make up this warm dress and mantle for Mrs. Haight's sick child, I meanwhile *sew* away (in a measure) those cares, which I have really no right to indulge, because they grow out of no real ill, perhaps, but only from my, I cannot say *suspicions*,—my old word—*presentiments*, suits me better;—and these again argue lack of faith in One who has thus far led me through green pastures and beside still waters, for the most part."

Presentiments were not the principle portion of her heart's burthen that day, even if Leda acknowledged not so much to herself. There was a vision of a loved sufferer, one whom she pictured in sore need, standing out from the undefined chaos of her apprehensions, one to whom she might, under existing circumstances afford but little aid, and that clandestinely, lest her vigilant and exacting parent should cut off even this meagre source of his supplies. It was a subterfuge which justified itself in Heaven's sight, argued Leda, and the reflection was sufficient. Bouncer had proved an able aid, and as soon as she should come in possession of her own property, to which she was just now legally entitled, he should be rewarded for his trust, and she would strive by some other means, not as yet considered, to civilize the truant,—adopting a something in lieu of the Sunday School, whose enjoined quiet seemed oppressive to the restless nature of the *really excellent* hearted *boy*, as Leda, despite the charges of the Superintendent, always avowed him to be.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FLORANCE.

BY MATILDA.

I met her in the summer time,
A sunny hearted thing,
The brightest of the sparkling gems
Set in love's shining ring;
The balmy winds around our path
Where breathing warm and sweet
And pearly blossoms lifted up
Their heads beside our feet;
But oh! those fair and fragrant flowers
That in the sunshine grew,
Have faded from my path away,
And she has faded too.

Yes, she has faded with the leaves,
And with the summer flowers,
And down upon her grave all day,
The dead leaves fall in showers;
And in low whispers o'er her bed
The autumn breezes sweep
As if they feared to waken up
Our darling from her sleep;
Oh! how we loved her, years and years
Will come and pass away,
And she will still be missed as much
As she is missed to-day.

The coming spring will bring back all
The faded leaves and flowers,
But it can never more recall
The pure and good of ours;
Yet wherefore should we mourn for her
The gentle, kind and fair,
Whose home is in the better land
Where joys eternal are;
She was the Lord's and in his love
He took her home to dwell;
His holy will be done, not ours,
He doth all things well.

Willow Brook, Va.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TH GOOD TIME COMING.

BY CLARENCE CABLETON.

God of heaven—lo the people
Waiting those lingering, joyful times,
When the clouds that round them hover
Will roll back to other climes.

When the sun of kindest fortune
Will light desolation's home—
Cause the buds of sweetest plesure
Blossom o'er the Fallen's tomb!

Lead them on, thou God Almighty,
Nerve the arm—inspire the soul,
With the strength of mighty valor,
While the waves of passion roll!

The cause is thine, thou God of battles;
We are thine we own thy sway;
Give us strength and moral courage
To labor for the glorious day!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY INDICATOR.

"On this dear jewel of my *Memory*,
My heart will ever dwell, and fate in vain,
Possessing that, essay to make me wretched,
Lord John Russell's "Don Carlos!"

I have seen it stated of Themistocles—(but I now forget where) that when some one offered to teach him the *art of memory*, he replied, "his wish was rather to learn the art of forgetfulness." Unsound and often pernicious opinions obtain unquestioned currency, and are transmitted from age to age, because uttered by men who had gained high repute for wisdom and for learning. But he who will consider that the *wisest* are not really always *wise;* that circumstances may occur to ruffle the calmest temper and to cloud the clearest mind—and that during an hour of disappointment, or of calamity, sentiments may be expressed which were never seriously entertained—will hear with suspicion, and pause before he adopts an opinion like that of Themistocles, calculated to chill the "genial currents of the soul,"—to stifle the ardent bestings of the heart; to cripple the lofty aspirations of the mind, and to render life itself misanthropic, wearisome, and unhappy.

Sentiments similar to that of the Grecian are to be found in the works of many modern authors, and are to be always received with great caution, and to be thoroughly analyzed before their teachings are subscribed to. When examined, they will almost invariably seem jejune and false—verily one of Carlyle's *shams*—and the truth and wisdom with which they were apparently impregnated soon become quite faded and thin, and are presently dissipated forever. The authors of such aphorisms, in attempting to be wise and witty, are really but attacking the citadel of sincerity and truth; and perchance, when too late to amend, they will find their fate like that of the Calumniator, who, aiming his poisoned arrow at the person of one clothed in the panoply of honesty and virtue, finds to his utter dismay that the fatal shaft has recoiled upon his own devoted head. There is an inflexible verity in the following splendid passage from the "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor. "He who brings ridicule to bear against trust, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary."

But to our subject. We all know that sorrow and misfortune is the lot of all who bear a part in the complicated drama of life; and yet those who appear the most wretched, have, provided they are not terribly wicked, their alternations of pleasure—and all, whether of high or of low estate, in looking back over the waste of years, can fix their gaze upon some sunny spot, which cheered them as they advanced, and the retrospect of which continues to cheer. That person must indeed be sadly hardened, who can recall those associations which encircle the world of youth with the magic zone of happiness, and which threw a rich veil of enchantment over the fair scenes of earlier days, and not feel a thrill of the most inexpressible emotion! Is there any one, who has not felt in some lonely hour, when freed for a time from the noisy babel of the world, these earlier feelings steal like half forgotten music o'er his soul?

It has been remarked of aged men, that in recounting the events of their lives, they dwell most frequently, and with more apparent pleasure, on those, which as they occurred occasioned them the greatest uneasiness. The dangers they encountered in youth—the trials by sickness—and even the havock made by death in the family circle—are the usual themes of discourse; and though the relation of circumstances like these, invariably gathers a kind of twilight shadow on the mind, yet it possesses the softness of evening, destitute of its gloom.

One of our later writers has sententiously defined memory as a "store-house of the mind,—garner of facts and fancies." In illustration of this we need but refer to the great depository of the Past, and suffer our recollection to wander down the long vista through which our pilgrimage was made.

The once coy and gentle maiden, rosente with the hues of youth, now grown into the full development of a dignified and comely matron, feels her cheek suffused with the blush of unrepressed joy and delight, as she recalls the happy, happy days long gone by. In the wizard glass of memory, she once more beholds mirrored those flowery meads and vernal pastures, those fragrant groves and thick-hanging orchards through which she was wont to wander. And as each scene of her past life rises up in undimmed brightness before her, and she once more tastes the honey-cup of pleasure, and looks again upon those sunny arcades which once stretched before her into the dim, unseen future, redolent with the

"Promised joys of life's unmeasured way,"

she exclaims, in accents of tender hope, with a poet whose weary life is ended, "Lord, keep my memory green."

So also, with the youth grown up to vigorous and active manhood. He turns the "dear jewel of his memory" back to "days' lang syne," and finds in the retrospection much of solacement and content.

He steadily pursues "his weary way" through the chequered and tumultuary scenes of this world, sternly endeavoring to perform faithfully his part in the stern "battle of life," and again and again recalls with deep and fervent emotions the brightly tinted and many-colored hues that decked his early path. He remembers the joyousness of his boyhood;—he remembers the blue violets—those deep eyes of the young spring first gazing upon us so shyly—that adorned the hill-side, and which he used to gather in the merry hours of summer; he remembers, too, the green meadows and the azure skies above, and from these reminiscences he gathers fresh delight and renewed purpose to go on "into the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart." From him, too, ascends the fervent ejaculation, "Lord keep my memory green."

There is no picture more beautiful to contemplate than the face of venerable age softened by kindly retrospection, and beaming with the subdued sunshine of delight evoked by the witching wand of memory. To sit at the feet of an aged patriarch, the time-worn lineaments of his face melted into a touching tenderness of expression, and listen to him as he recalls his early childhood when the world seemed beautiful and good; or his school-boy days when he first gathered the golden fruits of knowledge; or hear him recount the stirring events of his manhood's early prime when he worshipped at the shrine of his first love, and offered up as a sacrifice to her beauty, an unsullied and devoted heart is indeed a grateful pleasure. And even when the aged chronicler turns to discourse of other and sadder scenes, our heart though depressed by the melancholy recollection, is not left without some means of consolation. Whilst we remember that the transgression of our first parents "brought death into the world and all our woe," we still remember the precious promises of the Redeemer. To him indeed, who, approaching, after a well-spent life, the bourne where earthly pleasures and earthly perplexities alike terminate, memory is indeed a friend, with whose consolations the soul would not be induced to part. But he whose survey of the past rests only on folly, "on fair occasions gone forever by," may well shudder at the unspoken reproaches,

"Loud to the mind as thunder to the soul."

There are none, it is true, on earth, who do not experience at times the deepest remorse and most unfeigned regret for duties undischarged, for passions unsubdued, for sins so frequently committed; but there are few, it is to be hoped, who cannot revert to events of an opposite character to palliate in some degree the effects of these poignant regrets and harrowing compunctions of conscience.

Memory was given to man as a guide and monitor. In the outset of life, it gathers by its incessant operations, the stores of knowledge in the mind; and as he progresses and has occasion to use them, it brings them forth from the thousand mysterious chambers where they had lain distributed; and having answered the purpose of their production, it redeposits them until they shall be required for future use. Without memory, no other faculty could exist. We know nothing of the future but by the past. We cannot reason but by comparing and variously combining those images of which we are already possessed; and imagination could never waive her soaring pinion—could not be as she is, "the greatest magician left on earth," did not memory direct its flights.

"From her sweet hope her airy coloring draws,
And Fancy's flights are subject to her laws."

It was memory aiding the mighty genius of the "blind bard of Chios" that enabled him to produce those immortal works and in such tuneful numbers to sing

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered————."

Memory was unquestionably his greatest assistant. Lamartine in his very interesting and ornate article on Homer, in alluding to memory, says, that "it is the first element in the creation of poetry," because, says he, "it is by memory that we retrace upon our minds the image of things that have passed." He further adds "the Muses, symbols of inspiration, were said by the ancients to be the daughters of Memory." As with Homer, so it was with Milton. It was when advanced in life, and oppressed by blindness and penury, that he wrote those imperishable works that are adorned with all that is grand and majestic, lovely and beautiful in the physical or in the moral world. It was Memory "mother of wisdom," as one of the old English poets fondly called it, who stood by cheering and comforting him in his profound meditations and great conflects.

"Rise, hallowed Milton! rise and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day,
How, when deprest by age, beset with wrongs;
When, fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;
When darkness brooding on thy sight,
Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light;
Say, what could there one cheering hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, *Mem'ry and the Muses?*
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of ancient truth;
Hence all thy classic wand'rings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latean shore;
Each scene, that Tyber's banks supplied;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly;
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thine own; thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
And thence the mighty visitant that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the long lost beams of grace,
That whilom shot from Nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gorgeous rest."

Quaint and amusing Thomas Fuller characterizes Memory as the "treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept preserved." It is from this dipository that every act for our past lives comes "apparralled in the more precious habit" of virtue and innocence and joy, or enveloped in the sable robes of discontent and anguish and despair. Memory to the good and pure man is as sunshine to his pathway.

It lightens up the inner sanctuary of his life, and throws a golden radiance around his sublunary existence. In wandering amid the lovely scenes which Nature has spread out with so bounteous a hand, how much is the enjoyment enhanced, if our senses are saluted with the aroma of sweet wild flowers, or the delicious perfume of new mown hay! As these odors are grateful to our physical senses—so is the incence of Memory grateful to him, from the altar of whose heart, it ascends in clouds of wreathed purity breathing of nought but innocent pleasure, earnest endeavor and happy content. Memory not only cheers the discomforted and the desolate—it not only pleases and admonishes the bouyant and the felicetous, but it steps in often between the intention and guilty deed, and whispers in the ear admonitions long forgotten, and warnings long unheeded. Ask any one, whose garments have not been trailed in the damning corruptions of the most abject life,—one who has arrived at that period of existence, when the delusive anticipations have ceased to beguile; and when to look back is as easy as to look forward—ask such a one from what source he derived the purest and sweetest enjoyments, his answer will be from Memory. He will tell you, that often the pleasing incidents which happened years and years ago, rise in shadowy semblance before his view, and that Memory, the most constant of friends, is ever at his side, her face beaming with smiles, as with her antidote to sorrow, she cheers him in his silent meditations, and pours into his wounded heart the precious oil of consolation. He too, in the deep and silent watches of the night, as he bends in pious devotion in the quiet tude of his own chamber, never, fails to add his fervent supplication, to the orisons which his pure heart offers up to the Giver of all good, "Lord keep my memory green."

A Minister was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman; after reading it, he observed; "Do not wonder, brethren, that the text is so long it is a woman that speaks."

Educational.

THE TEACHER.

Candor and Truthfulness. There is, in the community, too strong a feeling and taste for something marvellous and astonishing. With many, simple truth has no power, no beauty, no attraction. Hence theire is a disposition to magnify and embellish every narrative and circumstance, so that matters which, as presented by some, appear perfectly wonderful and astounding, are, when divested of all their embellishment, as much changed in their aspect as the bird of paradise would be if stripped of all his gay plumage.

With some it would seem a thing well-nigh impossible to speak the plain, unvarnished truth. They must always add a certain number of qualifying words and phrases, which are, often, so extravagant as to mystify and misdirect. Hence it happens that miserable quacks and travel ling mountebanks are enabled to gain a ready admittance to the pockets of those from whom the missionary callector or the virtuous and honest poor would find it an arduous task to obtain a few farthings. How many, under the enfluence of exaggeration and unusual excitement, will freely give five or ten dollars for the amusement of a passing hour, who would go mourning many days, if obliged to give as much to the cause of education, or any other useful and praiseworthy object! The teacher should strive, in every proper manner, to from in the minds of the young a just appreciatian of, and regard for, truth, honesty, and simplicity.

Courteousness. It is to be feared that the spirit of courtesy is loss prevalent than it was years ago. In by-gone days, the traveller was always saluted by the boys with the doffing of the cap, accompained by a civil bow, and by the misses with the more modest, though not less significant, courtesy. At the present day such practices are quite rare. Perhaps the rapid gorwth of our country, and the increase of settlements, have tended to make them impracticable. In our thickly-settled villages and cities, certainly, the young are pardonable for not fostering the habits alluded to; for a due observance of them, in such places, would render the wearing of caps superfluous, and keep the body in a bending posture much of the time. But it is, doubtless, true, that some other expression of civility may be adopted, which shall be equally indicative of politeness, and, at the same time, unobjectionable in the particulars alluded to.

That more regard should be manifested by the young to rules of etiquette and courtesy, must be admitted by every observing mind. There is too little reverence for age and authority, too slight a respect to laws of both man and God. The transition from boyhood to imagined manhood is altogether too rapid, as by it the son is, often, placed above the parent, and the taught become much wiser, *in their own estimation*, than their teachers. Boys, in their undue anxiety to become men, are neither men nor boys, but form a new, peculiar race.

It should be a prominent objec with parents and teachers to correct public sentiment in relation to these particulars, and do all in their power, both by example and precept, to promote right feeling and action on the part of the young. True politeness and courtesy will have a pleasing and happy effect upon the whole life and character. They will form a passport to good society, a security against insult, a surety for good treatment, a guarantee for friendship and respect. A really courteous boy will rarely be guilty of violating any proper rule, or of conducting in an unbecoming manner in any place or at any time.

Some little habits of incivility are of so frequent occurrence, that boys are, sometimes, guilty of their indulgence without being aware of it, as in the following instance: "A gentleman once sent his son with a present to his newly-settled minister. On his return, the father, very naturally, asked him how he liked the new pastor. 'O,' said the lad, 'he is a beautiful man; he is so pleasant and kind that I cannot help liking him. Why, he invited me in, took me into his study, and told me to look at his books while he wrote you a note. He is really "first rate;" but, father, I believe the poor man is as "blind as a beetle."' 'Blind! my son; what makes you think he is blind?' 'Why, because, father, when I came away, he asked me if I did not wear a cap; and, if he had not been blind, he might have known, for it was on my head all the time I was there.'"

True education requires the full development and free exercise of the better feelings of the heart; and the proper culture of these will exhibit their fruits in outward actions and expressions. Indeed, we are much inclined to form an estimate of those with whom we meet or associate, from their mode of address, and from external appearances. If they are course and rude in their manners, rough and

unpolitenes in their salutations and remarks, or uncourteous and abrupt in their answers, we are disposed to avoid them, and regard them as unkind and uncompanionable. We do not expect to find much that is truly attractive or lovely in them; and if they possess some worthy qualities, their first appearance is so repulsive, that we are hardly prepared to receive or witness any evidence of real kindness and goodness. Again, we meet with those whose dignified and manly demeanor, social, cordial, and free manner, combined with genuine politeness and civility, at once attract and charm us. In every act and expression, they furnish such indubitable evidence of good breeding, and so kind and considerate a regard for the feelings of others, that we view them as noble specimens of a noble race. We can hardly imagine that they can, or will, be guilty of any wrong or unmanly act. By their pleasant and obliging deportment they command the respect and esteem of all with whom they associate, and exert a most powerful and happy influence.

If, then, politeness and civility will make us more agreeable, and better respected as companions, and, at the same time, add to our influence and happiness, it is certainly very desirable that the young be trained to observe them in all their actions and expressions. In giving and receiving friendly salutations, in asking and answering questions, and in all communications, the proper observance of rules of true politeness will demand no sacrifice. One boy is asked, by a stranger, the correct way to a certain house or street, and abruptly says, "I don't know," and with an expression of manner equivalent to "I don't care." Another lad, in answer to the same interrogatory, says, "I don't know, sir; but, if you will wait one minute, I will ascertain and tell you;" and off he runs, obtains the desired information, and returning with smiling face, he imparts the same to the stranger, who will, by the very act and manner of the boy, feel that he is not *all a stranger*. Who would not, involuntarily, as it were, be disgusted with the first lad, and delighted with the second? And yet who has not met with just such instances in the streets, and even in stores? Many a merchant has lost valuable customers throug the uncourteous and abrupt answers of clerks or boys in his employ. Inasmuch, then, as the true spirit of politeness will exert a controlling and salutary influence over the young, let the teacher see that he does what he can to promote such a spirit in himself and pupils. Especially, let him endeavor, in all his intercourse with them, to afford an example which will be worthy of imitation.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Rose by the hearth—A Bachelor's Revery.

With the deepest regards dedicated to Miss ——.

BY J. H. BRYAN, JR.

The wintry wind may howl as loud
As when it raves on Tembla's shore;
How can I heed its chilly blast
Or hear its fiercest roar?
There's a rose doth blow, spite frost and snow
By day and night, it bloometh bright;
This blessed rose of mine.

The fairest flowers, earth can boast,
Bloom and fade within an hour;
We scarcely know that they have come
Ere they are withered in our bower.
This rose doth bloom, 'mid storm and gloom
'Tis fair and bright, in their despite
This blessed rose of mine.

The clearest sky is oft obscured
By many a darksome cloud,
And flowers which its brightness reared
Before the storm are bowed.
The sun of my sky, is the beam of her eye,
Which wildly peeps thro' its heavenly blue,
On this blessed rose of mine.

A bow of promise *sometimes* gilds
The evening of a stormy day,
And dolphin like the struggling sun
Dies in his brightest ray;
In toil and trouble, my bows are double
The night of sorrow, brings a glorious morrow
With this blessed rose of mine.

Can ye guess my heart kept treasure,
Far beyond all praise or fame,
It is my angel and my guide
And 'Mary' is her name.
'Tis she brings mirth, unto my heart,
My bride and my wife, the pride of my life,
This bonnie, sweet rose of mine.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

STANZAS.

BY O. C. WHITTLESEY.

Ye delvers in the mine of thought,
That burn the midnight lamp for years,
Whose philosophic dreams are caught
Amid the dripping damp of tears;

Think not that peace and pleasure flow,
Incessant to high-sounding name,
For grief and sorrow clamber to
The "apex of the cone" of fame.

Think not that fair and fragrant flowers
Will fall profusely at your feet,
And rainbows coil around your hours,
As coil two currents when they meet.

That all the crags and cliffs will fly
To let life's pathway issue even,—
There's not a plain beneath the sky,
No moral level this side Heaven.

Lift all our aspirations rise
Above the curl and crest of Time,
The nebula of natural skies—
Within a more congenial clime.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

What is Woman's Heart?

BY F——T M——T B——T.

The following was suggested by a query of the above title in a recent number of the Times. The fair correspondents and readers will doubtless think me a very *naughty boy* for presuming *so* much, but when they come to consider that man's heart *amounts to nothing to speak of*, they will, I think, refute sentence:

'Tis ev'ry thing which man has not,
The funniest, too, I wot of;
Of all the strangest things begot,
Yet, which the de'll has not of;
'Tis just exactly this and that,
And that and this and t'other,
With full enough of *kitten cat*,
To be a—a—deuced bother.

☞ A person pretending to have seen a ghost was asked what the apparation said to him. "How should I know?" he replied; "I am not skilled in the dead languages."

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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THE WAR IN CHINA.

The war with china has now become a settled fact, and the end is not yet. England has entered, doubtless with much joy, fully into the contest. The United States was equally implicated with England in the first insult by the Chinese, and will doubtless stick to the fight, tho' Mr. Buchanan has declared his intention of maintaining a *neutral* position. France has also signified her intention of joining her forces with England—and unitedly, Great Britain, France and the United States, would give the Chinese a complete flogging for her insolence.

We are inclined to beleive, however, that the Chinese are not wholly to blame for this difficulty and that they were provoked to the committal of the deeds for which they are called to account. The value of the commerce of so large an empire was too great a temptation for John Bull to view in the distance and remain at ease. A Fight was necessary, and hence it was provoked. The Chinese are great cowards, and could not be induced voluntarily to strike the first blow.

Another element in this war favorable to the English, is the revolution in China. This struggle has been going on for a number of years with great success to the insurgents. The United States and Great Britain now join forces with the Rebel army against the Royalists, and when the Emperor is dethroned and peace made, the English will word the treaty to their own acceptance; and if the insurgents are placed in power, they will be mere tools for their Allied friends to operate with.

We shall watch the progress of affairs with the greatest interest, because if rightly managed, it is destined to work a greater change for good, than any thing else now claiming the attention of both Continents. What an endless commerce! what a vast field for missionary labor!! An Empire claiming one ninth the land surface and nearly one third the population of the globe.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER IX.

In my last article I invoked a careful memorizing of the staves. Having performed that duty you can now attend to further instruction. The second space of the bass is always called C. It is just the same as a white key called C to the left of the middle of a piano or melodeon, as explained in a previous number. To make a note on the G Cleft staff correspond with the second space in the bass we must place a short line immediately below the treble staff, and parallel to it. This short line is called a *ledger* line, or added line. As wide a space must be left between this ledger line and the first line of treble staff as there is between any two lines in the staff. The first ledger line below the treble staff is C, just the same as C the second space of the bass. The space between it and the first line of the treble is D, just the same as the middle line of the bass.

Now turn to the 12th page of Rudiments in the Hesperian Harp and you will see in the first column four musical diagrams. The first one is a bass staff, the second a treble. With these two all our business for the present lies. Play the first diagram, beginning on the second C below the middle of a keyed instrument. Play it and sing it till every sound is so fixed in memory that you can tell every number in the scale when you stand off and hear it sounded by another. You began on C, second space in the bass, and ended on C, first ledger line above the staff; thus making all the elementary sounds once in succession, and repeating number one, i. e. *no.* 8. Now play and sing the treble staff, beginning on that C of the instrument on which you ended your bass notes. Play an octave here. You ear will tell you these are the same notes you played on the bass staff. Now play both these diagrams at once, the bass with your left hand and the treble with your right, beginning both just as you did when you played each by itself. The treble staff thus played will represent the pitch of a woman's voice, and the bass that of a man's.

NOTES:—What are they? Musical characters that represent sound; and it is all a matter of moonshine what shape they are in. In the days of the Reformation notes were diamond shaped, the proof of which I have in an old Dutch Bible, which was once in the library of Rev. Mr. Bergmann, one of the early pastors of the renowned Ebenezer church in Effingham co. Ga. Afterward notes were all made round; and that shape is more common now throughout Europe and America than any other; tho' the Patent notes, invented by Wm. Little and Wm. Smith of Philadelphia, about the year 1798, or at any rate first published by them at that time, have been, and are still, very extensively used, specially in our Southern and Western states. Some musical innovators (it were improper to call them reformers) have introduced to the public some stuff they call *figure*-music, i. e. a lot of Arabic numerals, seven in number, (because there are only seven elementary sounds in music,) which they place North and South of a horizantal line, thus:

```
                111                111
3323553321      6553235655
6553321
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Now my friend would you ever have imagined that these figures were intended for the notes of a tune? Of course not; nor would any man, it seems to me with three cents worth of good sound brain in his head; for it is impossible with figures, thus arranged, to give any correct idea of the absolute or the relative length of sounds, a circumstance which can never be overlooked in learning music. One can learn from this plan that the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 are meant to show that seven sounds are to be used, and he may possibly learn, from hearing an instructor, how to make each of these sounds seperately, i. e. to give the pitch of each correctly; but it is impossible to learn from it how long to continue a sound after having made it. Figures have been written on staves, as notes are and with stems and hooks, and with black and white heads to designate length and relative value. This is an excellent plan, perhaps the best ever invented next to round notes. The advantage of round notes over every other style is, that a person must have a pretty good knowledge of the principles of music to enable him to read any music thus written at sight.

But that line of figures above makes a tune in the common style of figure music. What tune is it friend? You could not guess if that alone would save you from being ground into so great a fool as an Abolitionist. Well, it is that most popular little tune "Happy Land," on the 267th page of the Hesperian Harp.

We'll sing it in our hearts, and be dismissed till next week.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

NO. VIII.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Mrs. Browning has won golden opinions, from her new poem, Aurora Leigh. That an author should attempt a "novel in rhyme," with a plot as unpretending as a simple household narrative, and should dare to carry it's characters, to the full length of nine good sized "books," through the quietest and most ordinary events possible—ignoring the usual brilliant machinery which from the time-honored examples of the author of Childe Harold, or Marmion, or the Cenci, or even of plain, Tom Moore, has been considered essential to the very life of the poem—was something to excite at least a smile of incredulity; but Mrs. Browning, as in most tasks she has attempted, has won success in this most trying one. Many who have been wont to consider Mrs. Browning's verse generally a mass of unintelligible jargon, that at best would poorly repay the labor of unravelling, have come to a new conclusion, among the most healthful results of which is the general interest they manifest in the very works to which they once turned a cold shoulder. The Greekisms in the Drama of Exile have become wonderfully Anglicised; and even Prometheus talks like a modern gentleman. It is pleasant therefore to refer to the three beautiful volumes which Messrs C. S. Francis & Co. New York, the only publishers of Mrs. Browning's works in America, have just issued. With the volume containing Aurora Leigh they comprise in uniform style all that Mrs. B. has written. Prometheus, The Drama of Exile, Casa Guidi Windows, the always admired Sonnets from the Portuguese, and those exquisite examples of fugitive writing, The Romaunt of the Page, The House of Clouds, Bertha in the Lane, My Dog Plush, L. E. L's Last Question, with scores of equally effective gems, greet us once more; and, with the lessons we have been taught in Aurora Leigh of the noble, womanly heart that guides the gifted intellect of the fair author, we can only repeat that the greeting is a source of more delight than ever.

A new translation of Undine or the Water Sprite, from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouque, has just been published by Messrs Francis & Co. Its neatness, convenient size—it may be thrust away in the pocket to be pulled out in one of those leisure moments when just such a book is the thing you want—its close adherence to the original, and finished style of composition, will make this the most popular edition of this classic romance. It is also tastefully embellished.

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie is writing the Life of Henry Grattan, to correspond in size and style with the enlarged Life of Curran. This important work was offered by the family of the great Irishman to Thomas Moore upon the completion of his Life of Byron, but the poet-biographer fearing to offend certain of his Whig friends whose political principles were at variance with such truths as he would have been compelled to utter, declined the task.

Macauley has so far completed the fifth volume of his History that his publishers are making the necessary arrangements for its speedy issue.

Washington Irving has also placed the fourth volume of his Life of Washington in the hands of his publishers, Messrs Geo. P. Putnam & Co. N. Y. This biography is the noblest literary task yet attempted by an American, with probably the single exception of the lamented Kane's Arctic Narrative. Its publishers deserve the thanks of the reading community for the variety of styles in which they issue it, decidedly the handsomest of which is the semi-monthly illustrated edition.

Arthur Mervyn, or Memoirs of the Year 1793, forms the second and third volumes of Mr. Polock's series of Charles Brockden Brown's novels. In this remarkable tale, or autobiography, the pioneer American novelist, with that vigor and originality which at once prophesied not only a brilliant fame for him, but a dignified career for America's literature, relates a narrative of the most thrilling intereest. 1793, as the title page indicates, is the time of the action—Philadelphia the stage—and the fearful pestilence which that year devastated the fair city, is a portion of the grand machinery by which life and character are infused into the fabric. "Arthur" gives a fair field for the exercise of the peculiar genius of the author. It is a wild, strange story, yet probable and consistent, commanding attention at the very outset. The fascination which is thrown into its pages could never have been infused into the same *material* by any other American author, with probably the single exception of Poe, who, with yet more artistic finish and analytic correctness than Brown, was his inferior in more things than one. No well ordered library pretending to a display of American literature is complete without Brockden Brown, in its most honored place; though the difficulty experienced in obtaining his works has prevented it, almost, of late years. This fine edition of M. Polock, Esq., of this city, therefore—which leares us nothing to desire on the score of convenience of size, good typography, and general mechanical excellence, fills a positive void.

Charles Reade's Matter-of-Fact Romance, "Never too late to mend," is enjoying an unexampled run in England. The spectator awards to it the credit of having sustained the most continued popularity of any publication in many years.

One of the difficult and responsible situations which the melancholy suicide of Hugh Miller left vacant, to wit, the editorship of the Edinburg *Witness*, the most important of the Scottish Ecclesiastical Journals, has been worthily filled; Peter Bayne, of Aberdeen, author of some of the most classical essays in the language, having been appointed to the vacancy.

Within the past three or four months, the ranks of Literature and Science have been thinned by the deaths of Hugh Miller; Dr. Ure; Mr Redfield; Dr. Kane; Professor Jacob W. Bailey; and, on the 13th ult., at Hartford, Conn. Rev. Dr. Colton of Trinity College, a voluminous writer, author of a Life of Henry Clay, etc.

Wm. H. Russell, the renowned war correspondent of the London Times, is coming to this country to deliver lectures on the Crimea.

Messrs Putnam & Co. are publishing, in conjunction with Ticknor & Fields, a "household" edition of the Waverly Novels, in forty eight volumes. M. Polock, Esq., has in press, Ormand, or the Secret Witness, by Chas. Brockden Brown. Messrs C. L. Francis & Co. have in press Lord Bacon's Essays, with annotations by Bishop Whately.

FROM TEXAS.

We have interesting news from Texas, with Galveston dates to the 26 ult.

The papers from all sections speak of serious damage to the growing crops by the late cold spell, but the weather had now become most delightful.

The Galveston Civilian says, Congress has appropriated $80,000 for the erection of fortifications at the entrance of Galveston Harbor, and the same amount for similar works at Brazos Santiago.

The planters of Columbia are now ploughing up their corn, having found it killed to the roots by the frost. The cane is doing finely, having been but very slightly injured.

In the wheat-growing regions, the crop was very promising. It was attracting the attention of planters generally.

The Richmond Reporter, says of the late severe norther.

The cotton which we saw flourishing a few days previous, and ready for the first working, is hopelessly destroyed. The corn cut down is not a total loss, as we learn that some fields are showing signs of life. The fruit trees, which were in a forward condition, have lost their entire crops. Figs and peaches, which had grown to a considerable size, have been found, on examination, to be blackened at the core, and thoroughly killed.

The Gonzales Inquirer, says:

A genuine soaking rain is greatly needed now. Much of the corn and cotton that was planted previous to the freeze have not come up, owing to the dry state of the ground. Indeed we have not had what might be termed a hard soaking rain since last September—at least six months.

The same paper says they have plenty of money, more than was ever known in that part of Texas.

The Houston Telegraph speaks of great activity among the masons and bricklayers of that place. New and handsome buildings are going up in all directions.

Wm. Fields, Esq., State Engineer, is now engaged in examining the Brazos river, in pursuance of the recent appropriation for clearing it out. He reports the principal obstructions are only logs. A few shoals of soft sandstone are found, but they can easily be removed and the river made perfectly navigable.

The San Antonio Texan says the number of strangers in that place is very large, and most of them men of capital, who have come there to settle permanently, and make their future homes in Western Texas.

Texas is entitled to seven members of Congress with its present population. It has only two members now.

A letter from the Mexican border speaks of abundance of money and provisions in that region. Immense quantities of corn were daily crossing the river for San Antonio and other markets.

It was rumored that Vidaurri had dispatched an agent to Washington City with proposals of annexation. Circulars were issued throughout the country commending the policy of annexation, and everywhere received with shouts of enthusiasm. Men, women and children panted to repose under the broad shadow of the American Eagle.

WALKER'S VICTORY CONFIRMED.—Intelligence was received in New York on the 5 inst. stating that letters from Gen. Henningsen, dated Rivas, March 19th. confirm the statement of Walker's victory, with a loss to the allies of four hundred. Walker's loss fifty.

THE THREATENED WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND MEXICO. A Paris paper says Spanish journals are filled with accounts of preparations, both in Spain and Cuba, for the departure to the Mexican coasts, of a naval force destined to obtain from the Mexican Government reparation, long since demanded, for outrages of which the subject of the crown of Spain have been the victims in this ever-troubled Republic.

PERUVIAN PIRACY:—The British Steamer, New Granada, while stopping at Huanchaco on the 14th ult., was boarded by the Peruvian steamer Lao, now in the hands of Vivanco, the revolutionist, and therefrom forceable taken various arms and equipments, with $32,000 in specie, and also ship stores and provisions, an act of perfect piracy. We have no particulars as yet,—but this proceeding looks like a grand larceny of a far more audacious character than any for which the Chinese have been called to account.

MYSTERY, MURDER, ROMANCE AND CRIME IN MEMPHIS, TENN.—A short time since a young man by the name of Tanner, in Memphis, Tenn., of the most blameless life and manners, was assassinated in the street at night. It was not known that he had an enemy in the world, and no motive of plunder could have prompted the deed, as his person was not robbed of the most trifling possession. A deep, dark mystery enshrouded the assination, which is now being sifted, to reveal a new phase of social shame, and crime, fatally mistaken in its aim. A clue has been obtained which promises to develop the fact that young Tanner was killed by mistake for another man—the other man, the husband of a wife, for whom the assassin had conceived a passion; and the murder was to remove the husband from between him and the object of his guilty love! A negro man was the tool selected to commit the murder. He mistook the man, and poor Tanner fell, instead of the doomed husband.

THIEVES IN CHARLESTON.—The city of Charleston, South Carolina, appears to come in for a full share of "garroting" and highway robbery villainies lately. The latest case is that of a young clerk, who was knocked down and robbed on Friday night. He lost his watch and chain. On the same day two very suspicious men, with an "alias" each, were arrested for attempting to swindle a respectable planter. One of them presented himself as a merchant from Columbia, and gave his name as Hamilton, which was afterwards ascertained to be Duffie. The other entered his name as J. J. Snodgrass, but has been indentified as Cotton.—Upon their persons were found a large quantity of new bank bills, supposed to be counterfeit, and some cash in gold. The bills were all of the denomination of $50 and $100.

NEWSPAPER SALE.—The Petersburg Express states that James McDonald, Esq., of the Lynchburg Virginian, and Mr. Page, formerly of Charlotte, county, Va., have purchased the "Petersburg Intelligencer."

TOBACCO.—The superintendents of the New York Assylum for the Insane, in their late report to the Legislature of that State, says: "Our own observations lead us to the belief that this pernicious weed has done more to enervate the body and precipitate the mind into the vortex of insanity than spirituous liquors."

Heavy charge that against the "pernicious weed." If true it should wake up every human tobacco worm. Who wants to go to the Assylum? Not one. Then look out ye snuff eaters, tobacco eaters, pipe and segar smokers? But take no comfort, ye drinkers of "spirituous liquors.' *S. W. Baptist.*

ACQUITTAL OF ED. LANGHORNE.—Edward Langhorne charged with the murder of Charles T. Eddie, at Hampden Sidney College, Va., has been acquitted.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

In the loneliest desert
To which we can fly;
There is bliss for the soul
If love is but nigh;
For it brightens the landscape
Wherever we go;
And beams like a meteor
On our pathway of woe.

When the flowers of love
Shed their fragrance around;
Then the music of hope
Gives to silence a sound;
And dear to all lovers
Is the spot where they met;
Where sorrow may linger
Though joy may forget.

Love makes our pathway
All sunshine and bloom;
And scatters sweet garlands
On our way to the tomb,
And away in the heavens
Where bright planets roll;
There—there is love's home,
In the land of the soul.

NEWS FROM NICARAGUA.

By the arrival of the Texas at New York, we have stirring news from Nicaragua. How much reliance is to be placed in the intelligence, so sudden and unexpected, we cannot vouch. It appears however to be well authenticated by the passengers.

The news from Rivas, Nicaragua, headquarters of Gen. Walker, is up to the 18th. Gen. Walker and army were in good health and had plenty of provisions and ammunition.

On the 16th Gen. Walker, with four hundred men, made an attack on St. George, occupied by about two thousand of the enemy. After driving the enemy and gaining the Plaza he burned a part of the town most important to the allied army when he learned that about twelve hundred of the enemy, under General Chammora, had marched by another road to make an attack on Rivas, whereupon General Walker marched for that place, and met the enemy in full retreat at the forks of three roads, hotly pursued by General Henningsen and his command, who had driven them out of Rivas upon their attack, with great slaughter.

On either side of the road where the allied force were met by Gen. Walker, was an impenetrable growth of cactus, making it impossible for them to escape, and placing them between the deadly fire of Gen. Walker in their front and Gen. Henningson in their rear, in consequence of which the allies were completely panic struck, and throwing down their arms stood paralyzed, meeting their fate with little or no resistance; nearly all their officers were killed, and very few of their troops escaped being killed or wounded.

The allies by their own account lost 327 killed and over 300 wounded. Genl Walker estimates their loss at about 1100—600 killed and 500 wounded.

Gen. Walker's loss was 2 killed and 21 wounded. The slaughter was so great that Gen. Walker was unable to properly bury the dead, and was compelled to order the bodies burned to prevent putrifaction, and insure the health of the city of Rivas, which order was being carried out.

Since the above total repulse, it is reported and generally believed, that Gen. Canas, Commander in Chief of the Allies, has made certain overtures to Gen Walker, for which he was under arrest; and that Gen. Chillou had raised a body of men in Leon, and was about to march to join Walker. It is also reported that *President Rivas had been assassinated.* The last report is said to be confirmed by a letter received at Greytown by the wife of his son Ramon Rivas.

It has only been a few weeks since Walker was reported completely hemmed in and in a state of starvation. But desperate cases require desperate efforts, and hence the result.

This news will make a great noise all through the United States. It will create a sensation in England,—in France,—everywhere. It will send fillibuster stock up fifty per cent,—and will give an entirely new and wholly unanticipated aspect to the turn of events in Central America.

INHERITED NATURE.—In England, it has been ascertained that out of one hundred criminal children, sixty were born of dishonest parents thirty of parents who were profligate, but not criminal; and only ten of parents who were honest and industrious. The rule is, virtuous parents raise virtuous children. Not more than one out of every ten criminals has been born of honest religious parents. The characters of parents and children are nearly as much alike as their features.

THE EXPECTED COMET SEEN IN NEW YORK ON TUESDAY NIGHT.—The great comet which savans predicted would appear during the year 1857, was seen in this city on Tuesday night, by an eminent astronomer connected with one of our learned institutions, and the result of his observations will soon be given to the public. It is as yet only visble with a telescope, but as it is rapidly approaching the earth, it may soon be seen by the naked eye. It is now about five degrees east of the star known as Andromeda, and is moving south.

SANTA ANNA.—It is reported that Santa Anna has numerous emissaries at work in Mexico furthering his interests.

"Jim, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good licking!" "Well, ma, I wish you would, for I'll be hanged if you ever gave me a licking that I called good, yet." Smart boy, that Jim; his wisdom-teeth were cut at an "unusually early period of life."

The first thought of a girl upon receiving an offer, is about her wedding-dress.

Poe says a "kicked" bachelor.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, April 8.

Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon 12@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15@20; Coffee 16½; Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 75@1.00, Meal 70@1.00; Chickens 10@12½; Eggs 10; Feathers 35@40; Flour 5.50@6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 13@14; Molasses 75@79; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 85@1.00, white 100@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 2@3; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.00@0.00; Sugar, Brown 14@15, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 18½; Tallow 12½@16; Wheat 1.00@1.12; Oates 40@50; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, April 7.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cumming & Styron, Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hoground 12½@, western sides 13@14, western shoulders 11@11, hams 14@16; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 23@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 78@00; Cotton 12@13½; Coffee, rio 11¼a12, lagura 12@13; Feathers 40@50; Flour, superfine 7.75@0.00, extra 7.75, fine 6.75, family 7.75, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 90@1.00; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 44@45; Mackerel, 2 no. 6.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@—; Oats 38@40; Rosin, no. 1, 1.50@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.05@1.10; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 50@60, sack Liv@1.20; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 42a00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 2.55a0.00, hard 1.55a0.00; Tar 1.40a0.00; Wheat, red 1.40@1.45, white 145@1.50

NORFOLK MARKET, April 6.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 13@16, hoground 13@, western sides 12½; shoulders 10@11; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 23@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 64@67, mixed 60@62, yellow 64@65; Coffee, rio 11@12½, laguira 18; Candles, adamantine 25@30; Dried Apples, ? bus 28 lb, 200@0.00, Peaches, peeled ½ bus 40 lb, 5½@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7.50, superfine 6.50@6.75, extra 7.½@0.00, family 8@8½; Flaxseed 1.50@1.60; Guano, ? ton 58.00@60.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 13@14; Lime 1.20@1.25; Molasses 55@65; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ? sack, 1.55@1.75, ground alum 1.12½@1.00, blown 1.60@1.75; Sugar, refined 12½@14, crushed 14@0.00, W. India 12@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 7.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 28.00@30.00, H. O. hhd. 43.00@00.00, do heading 45.00@48.00; Soap, brown 4½a5, yellow 5½@6½; Wheat, red 1.40@1.50, white 1.45@1.50; Whisky 26a28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00a0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00a0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 0.50a8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 2.75a3.50.

NEW YORK, APRIL 4.—Flour—The market to-day was heavy, with sales of 6,000 barrels at a decline of 5 cents on State and Southern—$5.60@5.75 for common to good State, and mixed to good standard brands Southern $6.15@6.40.

The amount of grain remaining in the hands of the Wisconsin farmers from the last harvest is, we learn from residents of that State now on here, three times as much a was held there at time this last year, and all of which will come forward at the opening of navigation.

NEW YORK, April 6.—Flour declined—State $4.65@5.70; Southern $1.40! Wheat is lower—white 100cts. Corn has declined—new Southern yellow and white 60cts; mixed 69.

PHILADELPHIA, April 3d, P. M.—Breadstuffs—The foreign advices by the Constitution, although of a rather more favorable character, have not had effect upon Breadstuffs. The Flour market continues dull, and prices are unchanged. Sales were made to the trade at $5.87½@6.50 common and fancy brands.

BALTIMORE, April 4.—Flour—The Flour market to-day ruled rather quiet.—The advices received from Europe, per steamer Asia, had a slightly depressing influence on our market. The sales on 'change embraced 450 bbls. Ohio super at $5.75 cash, subsequently we heard of a sale of 250 bbls. Howard street do. at $5.75. The market closed dull at the above rate for Howard street, Ohio and City Mills super; shippers not being willing to give more than $5.62½ per bbl. In Extra Flour we note a sale of 1,200 bbls. El Dorado Extra at $6.75. We quote Ohio extra at $6.12½@6.25; Howard street do. $6.25@6.37½; City Mills do. $6.50@6.75;

Grain.—Wheat continues in fair request of shipment and milling purposes, but the market continues to have a drooping tendency. The offerings on 'Change were 7,000 bushels, and whites sold at 145@150 cents for fair to good; 155@162 cents for prime and choice sample. Reds 135@138 cents for good to prime parcels.

BALTIMORE, April 6.—Flour quiet; holders of Howard street and Ohio ask $5.75, buyers are offering $5.62.—Wheat and corn are without particular change.

The Alexandria, Va., Gazette, of April 3d, says:—The transactions at the Corn Exchange to-day have been as follows—Flour, small sales extra at $5.75. Wheat inferior red 120c. Corn—sales of small lots mixed at 59c.—A considerable lot of flour was shipped to Washington to-day, to retail dealers.

CHARLESTON, April 4.—Cotton.—The sales this morning amounted to 800 bales as follows:—98 bales at 12½, 96 at 12¾, 126 at 12¾, 67 at 12¾, 96 at 13, 5 at 13¼, 29 at 13¼, 112 at 14½, 53 at 13¾, 85 at 14, 35 at 14¼ cents.

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THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

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GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the TIMES.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a LITERARY and FAMILY JOURNAL worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the TIMES, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

CONRAD DE CASTRO THE OATH-BOUND—OR THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AND THE GOLDEN KEY.—A Union story by thirteen authors—Edited by *R. G. Staples.*

THE FAIR ROSETTA; OR, HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY, by *Stella Steele*

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT, by *Jennie.*

LIZZIE LEE, by *Stella Steele.*

NED PERCY; OR LOVE AND PREJUDICE, by *Mrs. L. M. Hutcheson.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S TRIUMPH, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Doseree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLAE; OR THE RE-UNION. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Rob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; OR THE SNOW FLAKE, by *Miss Anna M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

GARCIA FENELON, OR THE TRULY GOOD, by *Mat Social.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, by *Finley Johnson.*

THWARTED PLOTS, by *Clara Augusta.*

FASHION AND FOLLY; OR, WISDOM AND CHARITY, by *Ina Clayton.*

EMILY SOMERVILAE; OR, CONSTANCY REWARDED, by *Charles M. Fenley*, Associate Editor N. Y. Literary Journal.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES;—Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the TIMES a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

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Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

TOWN ELECTION:—The election held on last Monday for Municipal officers for the town of Greesboro, resulted in the selection of Charles G. Yates, Mayor; James F. Jollee Charles E. Shober, James M. Garrett and M. S Sherwood, Commissioners.

TWENTIETH OF MAY.—We are highly gratified to learn that the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, of New York, has consented to deliver the Address at the approaching twentieth of May celebration in the town of Charlotte. Dr. Hawks is himself a native of North Carolina, and has always taken a deep interest in her good name in her Revolutionary history. He has done and is doing much to place the "Old North State" in her true position before the world. And the public may expect a very able and eloquent Address, delivered in the best style.

The occasion will doubtless be a most interested one, and we hope to participate with our Mecklenburg brethren in the anniversary of so important an event.

The committee of invitation will please accept of our acknowledgements for their kind attention; and may the people they represent never lose the spirit of their ancestors, but always dare to sting the heel of the Tyrant that would assay to oppress them.

☞ Our Devil says an editor's life must be *very* pleasant, as he has peeped in down stairs frequently and always finds the editor waiting for 'company' to get through, before he can read the papers.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

We extract from Harpers Magazine for April, a few facts in the history of Oliver Goldsmith, from the pen of Macaulay one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family. His father, Charles Goldsmith, was a minister in the established Church.

Oliver was born Nov. 1728 at Pallas, county of Longford, a great distance from London, where he spent the latter part of his life. He was taught his letters by a maid servant and at seven was sent to school to an old quarter master on half pay—From this humble academy kept by the old soldier, Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year and was afterwards in several grammar schools. His homely clumsy shape—his ugly face, rendered moreso by small pox—his awkward gate, rendered him the butt of boys and masters. He "was pointed at as a fright in the play ground and flogged as a dunce in School."

In his seventeenth year he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. A sizar was what we call a beneficiary, except he had to perform some menial services, which a beneficiary does not. He passed through college without application to his studies, but finally, however, took the bachelor's degree and left the university. About this time his father died, leaving a mere pittance.

Oliver tried five or six different professions in turn, without success, finally reduced to beggary, he started, flute in hand and rambled through Flanders, France and Switzerland paying his way partly by begging and partly by flute music.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request; there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill-suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly, that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flag-stones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a gally slave.

During the succeeding six years he sent to the press many things, which have lived and many that have died. He made reputation, gained notoriety by his pieces. The first literary men of the age began to notice him.

He was introduce to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Toward the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, dispatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid; and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the Vicar of Wakefield.

In 1764 he published the Traveler the first work to which he put his name before the Vicar of Wakefield appeared. It was pronounced by the best critics to be the finest that had appeared in verse since the fourth book of Duncind. It raised him at once to the front rank of English classics. Whilst the fourth edition of the Traveler was on the counters of the booksellers the Vicar of Wakefield appeared. He tried his fortune as a dramatist but did not succeed—In 1770 appeared the Deserted Village.

While Goldsmith was writing the 'Deserted Village' and 'She Stoops to Conquer,' he was employed on works of a very different kind, works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a History of Rome by which he made £300, a History of England by which he made £600, a History of Greece for which he received £260, a Natural History, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders; for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus in his History of England he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the History of Greece an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his animated Nature he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," says Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis! he cried "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

He had great ambition to become a good talker, but finally became sensible of his defect in this particular and although he knew he rendered himself ridiculous, still he did not have judgement and self command enough to hold his tongue.

There probably were no four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Pol." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chaterer could have really written the Traveler. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes Sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystral and delicious to the taste if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith.

He might have lived not only comfortably, but he could easily have amassed wealth. Instead of this however he dressed extravagantly, gave costly dinners, paid court to venal beauties, and gambled. The effect was that in his forty sixth year on the 3d of April 1774 he died a bankrupt and in spirits a broken down man.

NEXT WEEK:—In the next number of the Times we commence our long and *novel* story written by thirteen authors—"CONRAD DE CASTRO, THE OATH BOUND; *or the Mysterious Stranger and the Golden Key.*" As its interest increases with the development of the plot, we hope judgment will be suspended until the entire story has been read. Again we repeat, let such as wish to get this story complete send in their orders immediately and not wait to order back copies when too late.

ADDRESSES:—At the next annual commencement of Greensboro Female College, May 21, Bishop Pierce is to preach the annual Sermon, and J. Parker Jordan to deliver the Address. We are informed by the Secretary of the Dialectic Society, that Henry W. Miller, will deliver the Address before the two Literay Societies of the University at the next commencement. Also that the Hon. Warren Winslow has been chosen to deliver the Address before the Alumni.

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM R. WIGGINS, ESQ., FORMERLY OF GRANVILLE Co., N. C.—We are pained to learn, says the Raleigh Standrad, as we do both by letter from his father, Jas. M. Wiggins, Esq., and from the Texas Enquirer of March 11, that William R. Wiggens, Esq. formerly of Granville Co., in this State, was foully assassinated and instantly deprived of life on Monday evening, the 6th, near Rusk Cherokee Co. Texas.

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.—The whole vote of the election on the 1st inst., gives Dyer, Repub, for governor, 5,600, and Potter, Dem., 4,800. There were three candidates for lieutenant governor and no choice has been made, but Mr. Turner, the republican candidate, will be elected by the Legislature. The Senate stands: Republicans 26, Democrats 5, no choice 2. House—Republicans 61, Democrats 8, no choice 2 Durfee's majority for Congress is nearly 3,500, and Drayton, for Congress, has 800 majority.

LETTER FROM W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Messrs. Ogburn, Cole & Albright.

GENTLEMEN:—In my previous letter, I uttered the opinion that our sparseness of population, and not any natural deficiencies of endowment, was the true secret of our inferior resources, and small exercises in art and literature; that the same deficiencies existed in all agricultural communities, especially when engaged in the culture of great staples; and that there *were* processes by which the necessary mental attrition, which should repair our defects, may be secured and rendered available to our habitual use. I assume—nay, assert—that we have all the necessary elements of mental greatness; that we have a quick, lively genius; keen sensibilities; a shrewd common sense; fancy and imagination; and that these endowments are adequate to all rational objects and uses, if properly called forth, put in good training, and subjected to the usual influences which compel to industry. There is no good reason to regard the people of the South as wanting, in any essential respects, in comparison with their Northern brethren, or with the people of the noblest States of Europe. Whenever they have taken the field, in any department, they have acquired rank in it, in spite of open and indirect hostility. Take, for example, the subject of political knowledge. The great body of the Southern people, I will venture to affirm, are far better grounded in political affairs—in a knowledge of the American Constitution, and its mode of working,—than any other people in the country.—They are as are quick, keen and discriminating, in regard to these subjects, as any people in the world; and were they only *as jealous of their rights and securities*, as they are just in their appreciation, we should probably, at this moment, be in a far better condition to assert them, in every field, to the most triumphant issues. The Black Republicanism, of the North, will, in one breath denounce the ignorance of the South—its imbecility—lack of literature, art and education. In the next breath, they cry out that the South has shaped the course of Government, and formed the laws of this confederacy, and rules it thro' the superior training, skill or cunning of her politicians, who have monopolized all the great offices. No doubt, the politicians of the South have shown themselves thus in possession of the mastery in this field of struggle. The South has thus, truly, given all the character to the politics of the country. And the same training which has given this superiority to the Southern *politicians*, has, in like manner, imparted its instructive benefits to the Southern *people*. What has been this training?—That of *the stump*;—the people meeting their Statesmen and Lawgivers, at frequent periods, and early giving heed to *the only form of literature* which it has been permitted them, in their sparseness of settlement, to receive.

Seeing this result in a simple department, does it not occur to you, at once, that the same process might, and should, be employed, in a variety of other subjects; in popularly teaching law and literature, arts and morals, society and taste? By this process we might open clues to a thousand studies and exercises of the mind, which would not only be productive of vast attraction in the social circle, but would also provide knowledge freely, to satisfy all the wants of a hungering people, whom you can scarcely feed in any other way.—We have only to adopt the methods, by which we teach *political* knowledge to the masses, in opening all other avenues of instruction, to see results, in popular developments of mind, such as would show our people as keenly appreciative, subtle, searching, sensible, as they are in the single province of politics. We must go to *the stump*, as one of the modes for making our society familiar with the arts, with the sciences, *Belles-letters* and philosophy.—Popular lectures on all these topics would, in the case of minds nationally so quick, soon produce their proper effects; and we should rejoice in a people possessing an intelligence, acquired as well as natural, second to that of no other people in the world. I have more than once urged this matter upon certain of my friends, whose political influence was such as to make it certain that they might readily command the popular ear for other than political topics; but regret to report that, though my suggestion usually met with a ready concurrence, it has not yet been subjected to the test of actual experiment.

Through this agency, and that of the periodical publication, most of our literary wants might be supplied. The monthly and weekly journals not only afford much useful and interesting material, but are usually so various in their contents, and in the many writers whom they employ, that it is scarcely possible but that every mind in a family, however they might severally differ, must discover something in their pages which shall compel thought into activity, and gratify those tastes which are most necessary and grateful to the intellectual man. With the awakening of the tastes, and the activity of the thoughts, the desire grows for that food which has already been found so grateful. Knowledge begets knowledge, as surely as that the sparks fly upward. The appetite for study grows with its exercise; and, where the young student possesses original gifts of intellect, the result is, that, in reading the writings of others, he is led gradually to seek in the right quarter for his own resources. He might read a hundred volumes in a library—as private libraries are ordinarily constructed—occupying but a single class in literarture, without happening upon the clues which conduct him to his own endowments. The periodical, which is devoted to *all* the departments of art, letters and science, however superficial in each, is perhaps the most *suggestive* medium which Literature could employ for the benefit of the young beginner.

But it is surely unnecessary to dwell upon this subject. It is enough, that, in the peculiar situation of the Southern people, who are almost wholly agricultural in their pursuits, the periodical is at once the cheapest, the most eligible, and, perhaps, the most useful form, in which Literature may yield them its advantages. The mail brings it to the door of the farmer, to the cottage of the peasant, to the stately mansion, embosomed in deep forests, of the lordly and secluded planter. It is, along with the newspaper, the chief mode by which he communicates with the distant world without. It reports for him the progress of the race in Agriculture, as well as Literature; and from the discussion of the one subject, he passes by grateful transitions to an appreciation of all the rest. It supplies to him the deficiences of society, the distant echoes of which, reaching him through this medium, and stript of all its petty present cares, envy, and rude collision, maintain in him those sympathies with his race, upon the activity of which depend his own humanities and the future fortunes of his children.

The length of our letter forbids us pursuing this subject further this week.

Your ob't. serv't.
W. GILMORE SIMMS.

STILL ON THE ALERT:—With such rapidity is every abstacle to the wants of man overcome, that we no longer read with credulity the daily records of the Press of the progressive steps of the march of mind, both in new discoveries and inventions. One of the last is a plan for a submarine iron thoroughfare between New York and Brooklyn to prevent the difficulty of communicating at certain seasons of the year. The N. Y. Expres says the detentions caused by ice, fogs, and unfrequent communication, Mr. Joseph de Sendzimir proposes to avoid, by constructing an iron tube, arhced above, flat beneath, the central portion sunk in the deepest part of the channel, and the two ends resting on the ascending bed of the river. The central portion of the tube for some length would be quite level; two bends would then be made, and from the bends the tube would take an ascending direction, at an obtuse angle with the borders of the river, to ensure as gentle a slope as possible, and thus be carried to the level of Fulton street on either side of the river.

In this project the engineer says neither piers, buildings nor excavations would be necessary. The tube would be divided into two parts, laterally, all vehicles to keep to the right. A row of lamps would be erected in the centre, and elevated sidewalks on either side. The Scientific American says of this plan, that at first glance it seemed likely to obstruct the free passage of the tides; but taking into account that the tube would stretch where the river is wider and deeper than a little futher up, where its breadth is reduced to one-third and its depth at low water to only thirty seven feet, such an apprehension would probably prove groundless. The central part of the tube would lie forty-seven feet below the surface at low water, and the bends would be marked by buoys.

Domestic Items.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—The goldsboro Tribune says a serious accident happened on Thursday, 26th ult. on the plank road between Wilson and Greenville. A Mr. Moye was travelling in a buggy with his sister and a Miss Roundtree, and the horse taking fright ran off, throwing Mr. Moye out and stunning him so he was senseless for some time. His sister, Miss Moye, after her brother was thrown out, seized the reins and they both remained in the buggy till the horse had run some distance, when, making a sudden turn in the road, they were both thrown from the vehicle, and one of the young ladies, Miss Roundtree, seriously, and it is feared, fatally injured, having one leg and the collar bone broken, and otherwise badly injured. Miss Moye was badly bruised, but had no limbs broken.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—At the late Term of Richmond Superior Court, Stephen Cole was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars and be imprisoned ten days, for whipping his wife. He beat her in a cruel and brutal manner, and the community were greatly pleased with the sentence pronounced by the sternly righteous Judge.—*Fayetteville Argus.*

HUNG.—Three negroes, two likely young men and an old woman, were hung at Greenville, Pitt county, Friday 20 ult. A gentleman who was present estimated the crowd at 5000 persons, of whom 1000 were females.

THE GREY TOWN DAMAGES:—Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune writes:

Lord Napier came here with four or five millions of claims against our government for the destruction of alleged property of British subjects at the bombardment of Greytown. Two weeks before the late administration went out M. Sartiges preferred similar demands on behalf of French subjects, requesting Mr. Marcy to leave them open for adjustment by his successor; but he prepared a reply which is regarded as conclusive against our liability, and Lord Napier, feeling its force and bearing upon England in his application to Copenhagen and Caston, will withhold his intended reclamations.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The Hillsboro Recorder says that on Saturday night last, the freight train on the North Carolina Railroad, coming up, when a little below Durham's Station, passed over Madison Dollar, cutting off both his legs at the thighs. The Engineer did not see him until too late to stop the train. He was brought up to Durham's Station, where proper attention was paid to him, but he died in a few hours. It appears that he was lying upon the road in a state of intoxication.

THE DEAF MUTE MURDER:—At the Superior Court for Wake county, held last week, William Keck, a pupil in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, was tried for killing a fellow pupil by the name of Harrell, in an affray. The jury, by consent of counsel, brought in a verdict of manslaughter, with the understanding that judgment was to be suspended. Keck was accordingly discharged from custody.

STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The eighth annual meeting of the Medical Society of North-Carolina will be held at Edenton, on Wednesday the 16th of April, 1857.

GREAT FIRES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Wilmington, N. C. April 6.—Letters received here mention disastrous fires in the woods. It is feared that the turpentine trees will be all destroyed. One producer has already lost 20,000 trees.

SMALL POX:—There has been considerable excitement in some portions of Georgia about the Small Pox. In the family of Mr. Talbot Reese, about 7 miles from Warrenton, (Ga) there are six cases of Small Pox. Every precaution has been taken to prevent the disease from spreading, we learn that no other case has occurred in Griffin, and the disease will probably soon disappear.

SAW-MILL BURNT.—Gen. Trollinger's saw-mill at Carey, in Wake County, eight miles west of Raleigh on the Central Road, was consumed by fire on Wednesday night. Loss about $1,200.

ACADEMY BURNT:—Parker's large academy, near Campbell court-house, (Virginia,) was destroyed by fire on the 20th ultimo. The building was new, and was one of the finest of the kind in the State.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A PAPER:—We have heard parents speak of the value of the TIMES among their children more than once, and their language is always after the following style.—

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the things which are familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarters' schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information which is connected with advancement. The mother of a family being one of the heads and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind is thus fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children, amused by reading or study, are of course more considerate, and more easily governed. How many parents who have spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given hundreds to reclaim a son or daughter, who have ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into error?

TOBACCO PLANTS.—The Danville (Va.) Republican states that most of the tobacco plants in that section have been killed by the recent severe weather. The farmers are relying on the second sowing for plants.

A word once spoken, a coach with four horses cannot overtake it and bring it back.

BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c. The subscriber, thankful for past favors, wishes to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has on hand for sale a large assortment of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, &c., and hopes by close attention to business and low prices, to suit all wanting such articles. Come and see her stock.
Room adjoining Insurance Office.
SARAH ADAMS.
Greensboro N. C. April 8th 1857. 66-tf.

SOMETHING NEW AT COFFIN'S GALLERY. The Latest process out and is believed by close observers to stand at the head of the fine arts. They are different from the Ambrotype and somewhat resemble the Colored Photograph, though more true to life. The process is admirably adapted to groups of Children, lockets, finger rings, breast pins, &c. Call and see his specimens.
Rooms over Gilmer & Hendrix's store.
April 8th 1857 Z. S. COFFIN.

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.
☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.
CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER
LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE,)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 64:1y

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,
WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

MACHINE POETRY.—As improvements are constantly being made in the Ambrotype business, I have invented a Machine for grinding poetry which will I think work charmingly after I get in practice, the first piece is by no means a fair specimen, but will serve to give the public some idea what a little "perseverance and sweet oil" can accomplish.

Come over to Starrett's come every one come,
Who wish a likeness in pairs or alone;
He will *Coffin* none for a dollar or two,
But give each a picture, that's lifelike and true.
The rose and the lily he'll blend on each cheek,
And give to the eyes such a lustre, they'd speak,
And sparkle with wit, and throw such a charm
O'er all of the face, that the woman, or man,
Will be with them pleased, in expression and mein.
For they'l smile as sweet, as a babe in a dream;
Then, come over to Starrett's, every one come,
If you wish to get a good likeness, for any one,
Say, an Uncle, or Aunt, a Father, or Mother,
A Sister, or friend, a belle, beau, or brother.
And he'll paint their portrait, so well on th' glass,
That none of their features, from it will pass:
But there remain ever, as they now appear,
To cheer while they live, and when gone, oh, how dear!
Such a token will be, to the bereaved heart;
When those that it loves, from earth shall depart.
Therefore, he *characatures* none oh, no, no!
'Twould be cruel in him, were he to do so,
He's a man of his word and he will perform
All that he promises, or acknowledge the corn,
By at once backing out and—

There my machine is broke and will need repairing which will be done soon, as poetry is in demand by the fraternity. I hope the Editors and the public will not class me with the poets, but when they want good Ambrotypes "count me in!"
A. STARRETT.

AMBROTYPES—AT COFFINS GALLERY you can get an Ambrotype for only one dollar. Come everybody and get one.
These Ambrotypes are finished up transparent.
These Ambrotypes are finished up with two glasses hermetically sealed together.
These Ambrotypes are colored natural to life.
These Ambrotypes are warranted neither to fade nor spot.
These Ambrotypes are excelled by none in the Union.
He takes the likenesses of children in from two to four seconds sitting.
His rooms are over Gilmer & Hendrix's store.
Z. S. COFFIN.
March 25, 1857.

CATALOGUE OF
FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.
JUST received and for sale at the DRUG STORE, by W. C. PORTER.

ASPARAGUS,
Law's Grant.
BEETS,
Extra Early Blood beet,
Long Smooth Dark Blood,
Early Blood Turnip,
Yellow Turnip,
White Sugar.
BROCOLI,
Early White,
" Late.
BUSH BEANS,
Early Valentine,
" Yellow 6 weeks,
Large White Kidney,
Early Refugee or 1000 to 1,
White Cranberry,
Red Speckled Valentine,
Large Lima or Butter,
White Dutch Runner.
CABBAGE,
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf,
Large Flat Dutch,
" Eng. Drumhead,
Fine Drumhead Savoy,
Green Globe Savoy,
Red Dutch for Pickling,
Large Am. Drumhead,
Wetherfield Prem flat Dutch,
Large Drumhead Savoy.
CAULIFLOWER,
Early London,
Large Late Asiatic.
CARROT,
Long Orange,
Whitefield.
CELERY,
White Salis,
Rose Colored,
New Silver Giant.
CUCUMBER,
Early Frame,
" Russian,
" Cluster,
London Long Green,
Extra " Turkey,
Gherkin.
EGG PLANT,
Long Purple,
" White.
EARLY CORN,
Early Sweet or Sugar,
" Tuscarora,
LETTUCE,
Early White Cabbage,
" Ice Head.
Feb. 14.

MELONS,
Large Musk,
Green Citron,
Pine Apple,
Mountain Sweet,
Yellow Cantelope,
Nasturtium or Indian Cress.
ONIONS,
Extra Early Red,
White Portugal,
Setts Large Red.
OKRA,
Long White,
PARSLEY.
Myatt's Garnishing,
Plain,
Curled
PARSNIPS,
Fine Sugar,
Long Smooth.
PEPPER GRASS,
Curled,
Broad Leafed;
PEPPER
Long Cayenne,
Large Sweet Bell-shaped.
PEAS,
Extra Early May,
Early Frame or June,
Dwarf Sugar,
J. R. & Co.'s Extra Early.
RADISH,
Early Frame Radish,
Long White Summer,
" Scarlet Short Top,
White Turnip.
RHUBURB,
Mytt's Victoria.
SQUASH,
Early Summer,
Lima Cocoanut,
Early Summer Crook Neck.
SWEET HERB,
Lavender,
Sweet Majorum,
Lemon Balm,
Sage.
TOMATO,
Large Yellow,
" Red,
J. R. & Co.'s Large Red.
TURNIP,
Large Eng. White flat,
Early flat Dutch or Summer,
Yellow Globe.

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.—Mrs. WHEELER & Mrs. OAKLEY take this method of informing their friends & customers that they have received their new stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods—consisting of Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, &c. Particular attention paid to Dress-Making. We have one of the best systems of Dress-Cutting in this country, and have made arrangements to receive direct from New York Patterns every month. Room No. 2, over Garrett's store.
Greensboro, March 25, 1857. 64tf

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Wand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.
R. G. LINDSAY,
April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—In reply to an advertisement given by Z. S. Coffin, offering a reward of $100, to any person of this County, who would produce Ambrotypes superior to his, I beg leave to say, that by depositing $100 in the "Savings Bank" of N. C., and appointing Competent Judges, I will exhibit my Specimens on any day, that he will mention; or if the above is not satisfactory, if he will deposit the money as aforesaid, and his Specimens with the C. C. Clerk, I will also deposit Specimens with same and the decision may be made by the Intendant and Comissioners of the town.
ALEXANDER STARRETT.
March 18 1857.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash ready for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.
S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857.

The Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HESSIE ABBOT:

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY "LELIA LAUREL."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Uncle Webber's Story.

"I embarked on board the Sylph for India as commander, made my trip in spite of many and severe storms which threatened to engulph me and my tiny bark. But a wise and merciful God who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand and binds the weak with cords of hope, sustained and protected me from death. Many a night, danger seemed so imminent that death was visibly before me,—I shuddered not for "Christ is the Saviour of all men especially those that believe," but I thought of home, of the kind ones that every evening raised a prayer for my preservation Well I went to India at last, and from there I shiped as passenger, owing to some trouble with the owners, but we were shipwrecked, my wife drowned, but through the interposition of Providence, Allie was saved, with the mate Mr. Lacoon. I remained till every hope seemed gone and when all save the captain and myself had betaken themselves to some frail buoy and launched upon the awful waves, when the water had almost reached the deck four life preservers rose with the water Oh, was it not as balm to a dying mind, as light in darkness, water in the barren desert We fastened them about us and for two days floated upon the waves with nothing to give us a faint hope that material aid would snatch us from the devouring elements. But at last a sail rose above the horizon the steady breeze filled its sails and it rapidly bore down upon us It proved to be a merchantman bound to the East Indies, they kindly rescued us from a watery grave. but after it seems that they repented the act for unkindness to the utmost degree seemed their aim and to make our respite as irksome as possible, the hardest menial labor devolved upon us, and we were taxed far beyond our strength, so that I remained in my cabin six weeks totally unable to raise my head. I had become so reduced that recovery seemed almost an impossibility. I had no care, only what the cook could administer unheeded, for severe punishment would have been the result of this kindness. But I was so far recovered when we arrived at the islands that I resolved to leave the ship if I was obliged to remain there. But from there we shiped for home, but when off the coast of Africa we stoped to obtain wood, water &c, when I wandered farther from the coast, and after shouting and hurrying almost a day they gave me up as lost and proceeded on their journey homewards. I had nothing by which to direct my course, or tell me the track back to the coast, for the sun and everything that might have guided me seemed now hidden, but when it was too late, the sun burst forth in scorching splendor and shone upon my desolate situation. I subsisted on berries and roots, for two months, when I was taken by a savage warlike race of beings, that inhabited the country back from the shore, where I remained many years, the trials and sufferings I experienced are useless to enumerate as it would only draw useless tears and sighs from your sympathizing bosoms. I often met white settlers but they either would not or were blinded by ignorance, contribute to my comfort or escape, finally I abandoned all hopes of escape and began to try to civilize the wretches that clustered around me. I had many articles of little value about my person such as a pocket memoranda which I kept to keep daily notes, this was very fortunate for I was enabled to tell the days of the month, week, &c. This was a great curiosity for such a thing as a book was almost a wonder. When they inquired what made me white and them black, I pointed upwards and told them of Him that changes the color of his children Wonder and astonishment was depicted in every eye.

Every month we went to the coast, why, I never learned, but on one of our journies a sail was spied before our eyes, unspeakable gladness filled my soul. I rushed towards the boat, shouted, not heeding the boisterousness of my companions who were some yards in the rear. The boat had just pushed from the land, but I leaped for the boat, and reached it just as the untaught heathens, reached the land If God ever was thanked, praised, and worshiped it then gushed from a penitents heart. Once more in the company of human, civilized, and sympathizing beings, once more with my own nation bound to that port that years had separated me from. I arrived at that port of Louisiania and from there I bent my steps to Mr. Lacoon's, I knowing him to be the mate of the fated ship; but I knew not whether he escaped with life or not. I arrived there but all failed to recognize me. I learned the situation of her, the only remaining tie that was left to cheer my life, I arrived in a day and something in the countenance of Hessie reminded me of my departed wife, why I could not tell, when the loss of her baggage made us acquainted. I went away rich, but have come back poor—extremely so, but I trust, that the affection that I hope is yet left, will cheer me through declining me."

"I am left father," said Allie.

"I know it dearest, the God that sustained and protected me, did you also"

"We should not murmur then father, when our Father has dealt so mercifully, with us in restoring you to us."

CHAPTER XIX.

One year fled and in its flight, the spirit of Hessie's mother went home to a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. It was very lonely now, that the loved one of Inglewood had left her weeping friends for a better land. Now that Albert was at College, Hessie had not on eto cheer her heart but her father who was broken in heart and spirit. Allie had accompanied her father to sea, who had gone on a voyage to Europe, but she was looking anxiously for their return, as also of uncle Henrie's, who had now been absent more than eighteen months. Frequent letters came to urge Hessie to persue her studies at New York but, her parental duty kept her at her own home she could not think of leaving, when the death of a loved parent had made home so desolate. But Mr. Abbot watched with anxious solicitude, the flushed cheek, the hacking cough that were painful indications of that terrible disease—consumption. Hessie felt that the worm was eating the tiny thread that bound her to earth, but she murmured not, that same cheerful smile, that ever pleasant word, grew more radient and beautiful as she approached the shore of death. She failed so gradually that it was hardly perceptible, that the vital spark waned.

They had all returned, Albert, Allie and father, uncle Henrie, all once more formed a circle in the family sitting room but tears of grief, dimed the eyes of all the lovely pure and spotless.

"Oh my daughter, I cannot part with you, my all!"

"Would you have me linger, on and suffer? The laws of nature are fixed and, consumption has almost eat the thread of life; my angel mother smiles and bids me come—beautiful forms hover round me, to bear and conduct me onward to the, unfading mansion of bliss. Oa, Fidelia, I come, death divided us once, but soon we meet to part no more, no never. Father, Albert, prepare to meet us in the spirit world, all, meet me I am happy, the faith that gave me consolation in life sustains and supports me in death. Albert and Allie visit the green turf that covers the form of Hessie. Kiss me all, good b—' the last was finished in the land of the blest and free. Sweet kind and loving Hessie, those that she loved in life and health, stood ready to conduct her home. Oh, that there were more Hessie's what a world of bliss, peace, and unspeakable joy, this abode of mortals would present. Selfishness. vice and immorality would be supplanted, by kindness love and sympathizing humanity, that would lift us above the thorny, by-paths of life.

Conclusion.

About twelve months after Hessie's death, Allie was looking over her favorite book—the Bible, where were traced the tear marks, in relating the death and resurrection of Christ, and the cruel treatment of the blessed master. A written sheet slipped from its leaves containing the following, which shows her anticipation of the great change that took her away.

"*Albert and Allie:* Should this meet your eye when you come to this chart of the New Jerusalem, when you are sick of life and its vanities—think that it was penned by one that now lies in the silent grave, but it is but the casket, the gem is with the forming family in the spirit world. I love life, my companions, and it grieves my heart that I shall cause you to shed tears of sadness, and father none to cheer him or make home happy when the toil of the day is over, none to dispel the gathering gloom that will pervade our little home, once the seat of loving kindness and unalloyed bliss. Ah! this pains my heart, the thought makes me shudder but it is not for self, but those that remain. The rose will blossom but Hessie's hand will not guide its upward growth, the flowers that I once loved, the birds that once ate from my hand will find new companions. The old oak tree will no longer shelter the form of Hessie, from the beating sun. And oh, my brother, my only brother, will have no sister, none to love and comfort him, who will fill my place in his heart who be all I have been; yea, more, I fear none—for those that are unlinked by paternal ties are incapable of such affection. Who will protect, guide, caution my Allie, who love the motherless one as I. Oh, Allie, be as you are now a meek and lowly follower of Jesus a laborer in his holy cause, and be a sister to Albert, a daughter to father, for I fear that Albert will soon be an orphan, comfort his downward path and make home happy.

HESSIE."

Who could read this, penned by a love hand now silent in death and not feel emotions of the deepest grief? None! Albert lived to become a devout and exemplary preacher of christian faith,—a good and pious shepard a tender and winning teacher. But through life he imputed his success to the lowly, christian and sublime example and teachings of his angel sister. A white cottage is the home of them all, in one of our New England villages, and the good they individually perform is only truly estimated by the universal Father.

Now little ones, strive and see how much you can be like Hessie, she had no better a heart than you but she tried to be good and do good, it was her aim, object and principle of action, to make all around her happy and make them become better as they grew up, be a blessing to themselves and parents. We can all do much better if we only try, its trying that makes us grow better, one day is not enough, or one year, but always, so that by and by it will be a hard thing to speak, think or act wrong. And then think what happiness and peace there will be when God calls us to himself, that we shall not be afraid to die, because we have been good and are not afraid to appear before Him. You are not afraid to appear before your parents when you have done perfectly right neither will you be when you come to die if you live a holy godlike life. And you will leave a name that all will love to speak of, and an example, that all will love to imitate. Look at the life and death of the Saviour, the good and holy, love to imitate him, in his death and example, both were truly, praiseworthy. His example was such as none need fear imitating for it was spotless and without blemish. Little children loved him and he was the friend of all little children, he took them in his arms and blessed them, and said, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Strive then to do right act right and you will surely die happy. So now little ones, I have endeavored to instruct you to the best of my ability, and to you I dedicate these unpretending Manuscripts.

THE END.

Farm, House and Fire.

A MUSICAL CONGREGATION.—At a church of color, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice: 'Git down off dem seats, both white men and colered; I care no more one dan de odder.' Imagine the minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre:

"Git down off dem seats,
Boff white men and color:
I care no more for one man,
Than I does for de odder."

ABSENCE OF MINE.—Sydny Smith said he heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike.

'What is to pay?'

'Pay, sir, for what?' asked the turnpike man.

'Why, for my horse, to be sure.'

'Your horse, sir, what horse? There is no horse, sir.'

'No horse?' said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, 'God bless me! I thought I was on horseback"

AHEAD OF THE MAIL.—"Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead; it's not so late in the month by one week, you spalpane."

"Troth boy, indade, an' it's jist meself that is wanting swate Kathleen to git it in advance of the mail. Shure, I'll not care if she gits it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

HOW TO CLEAN ANIMALS AND PLANTS OF VERMIN.—The *Agriculltor* publishes a letter from M. Raspail, giving an account of a plan for destroying vermin on animals, and also trees and plants. The process he recommends is to make a solution of aloes, (one grammne of that gum to a little water,) and by means of a long brush to wash over the trunks and branches of trees, with this solution, which will speedily, he says, destroy all the vermin on them, and effectually prevent others from approaching. In order to clean sheep and animals with long hair, they must either be bathed with this solution, or be well washed with it. The writer mentions several trials which he had made of the solution with the most complete success, and very strongly recommends it to general use.—*Paris Correspondent of Morning Advertiser.*

HINTS FOR YOUNG GARDENERS:—The roots of very young plants are rarely hardy enough to bear transplanting well The best time for transplanting seedlings, is when they have formed five or six leaves; because, about that period the young roots and radicles are able to perform their proper functions more successfully than earlier.

Roots essentially reqire the admission and presence of atmospheric air. The surface soil should, therefore, always be kept loose and porous, and clayey ground should be frequently broken up or stirred in dry weather, or whenever it has become parched or baked.

When a bed has been dug over in the fall, it should be suffered to lie, during the winter, in the roughest condition in which the spade has left it. A greater amount of surface will thus be exposed to the effects of frost, and the ground become more thoroughly pulverized in the spring.

Frost acts with greater severity on roots or tubers which have been pulled or dug up, than on such as remain in the ground. Hence they should either be effectually protected, or remain altogether undisturbed.

SCRIPTURAL.—'Look here, Bob, you've been going to Sunday School a good while, can you tell me where 'boutz in the Scripture Balaam said to his ass, 'Go up, bald head?'

'Yes, I jest can, you will find it in the 2nd Apostle of St. John to the Epistles.'

☞ "May I leave a few tracts?" asked a medical missionary of a lady, who responded to his knock.

"Leave some tracks—certainly you may," said she looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heel towards the house if you please."

☞ If your mother's mother was my mother's aunt, what relation would your great grandfather's nephew be to my elder brother's son-in-law.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desire like children.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES.

March 12, 1857.

3 DOZ. the great IRON WHEEL examined, or its false spokes extracted, and an exhibition of ELDER GRAVES, its Builder. By W. G. Brownlow, Editor of Brownlow's Knoxville Whig.

Just received and for sale by

June, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Per Schr. A. J. DeRosset, from New York:—25 Bags Prime Laguyra Coffee; 15 Bbls. C. Yellow Sugar; 12 Jars pure Potash. Low for cash at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 9.

FRESH ARRIVALS. PER SCHR HELENE, from New York:—25 Bags Rio Coffee; 15 Boxes Pale Soap Low for cash at GEO. H. KEELEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 7.

LAND SALE.—HAVING QUALIFIED as Administrators on the Estate of Noble Shaw, deceased, with a will annexed, at the dwelling of said deceased, we will expose to public vendure on the 16th April next, a tract of **land**, consisting of **268 acres**, well timbered and well watered, convenient to the OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE, and on the direct road from Danville, Va., to Salisbury. The land will be sold on a credit.

J. H. LEAK, } Administrators.
SICILY SHAW. }

Oak Ridge, P. O., March 24th, 1857. 61::3w

GIFT BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED the following beautiful Gift Books.—American Scenery! Leeallets of Memory, Gem of the Seasons; Passion Flower; The Token; &c. &c. For sale at the Book Store.

Jan 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

CABINET WAREHOUSE

BY

PETER THURSTON,

West Market, Greensboro, N.C.

LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metalic Octagon Burial Cases.

January, 1857. 53:1y

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to

July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by

E. W. OGBURN

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dues;" Magdalene Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee: Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Jan. 1857.

MULLETS.—25 Bbls. LARGE Mullets, at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 9.

A. PERRY SPERRY,

(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)

WITH

BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,

IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,

1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, and Shaping Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (41::tf)

A CARD.

THE MERCHANTS of Greensboro, feeling the necessity of a change in their manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold due the first of each July and the first of each January, without regard to the date of the purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

January 1, 1857:

J. & F. GARRETT,
W. J. McCONNEL,
GILMER & HENDRIX,
A. P. ECKLE,
T. J. PATRICK,
J. F. JOLLEE & CO.,
J. N. THOMPSON,
R. G. LINDSAY,
J. R. & J. SLOAN,
W. C. PORTER,
A. WEATHERLY,
RANKIN & McLEAN,
WINBOURNE & WITTY,
C. N. McADOO.

(56::tf)

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776; SECOND SERIES, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by

Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

REMOVAL.—THE SUBSCRIBER having removed his Gallery to Garret's New Building, Room No. 4. Where he has a fine Northern light, is now prepared to take Ambrotypes or Melanotypes, in all the beauty of the art not to be excelled by any "Celebrated Artist" whatever.

Ambrotypes colored true to life if desired, and warranted. His Melanotype is a beautiful picture, taken on sheet iron and warranted not to fade. He would further say to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Greensboro and vicinity, that he is thankful for past favors and hopes to merit a continuance of their patronage.

AMBROTYPES for **One Dollar** Only. Call and examine his Specimens.

ALEXANDER STARRETT.

March 18 1857.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—On Tuesday of Guilford Superior Court, April 21st, 1857, a valuable tract of land will be sold at the Court House door in the town of Greensboro, to the highest bidder. The tract contains about ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES of the best farming land. It is situated about one mile from Gibsonville Station N. C. R. R. and adjoining the Boon Hill gold mine, and formerly owned by Daniel Low and Thomas Sockwell.

It is well timbered and watered and in every respect desirable.

Terms liberal and made known on day of sale. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

Feb. 24, 1857. 60::td.

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, Kept constantly on hand by

E. W. OGBURN.

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.

GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE Spring Session of Oak Ridge Institute will open on Tuesday (the 17th day) of February, under the instruction of

REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A.B.,

with competent assistants.

As the principal has had five years experience in training the youthful mind, the Trustees feel confident in recommending the School.

This Institution is located in a highly refined and moral community, in the Northwest part of Guilford county on the Salem and Danville road: 15 miles from the former and 50 from the latter place. It is 15 miles from Greensboro, at which place, students coming on the Cars, take the Salem stage to Kernersville, thence by private conveyance to the Institution a distance of 7 miles.

The Institution offers every facility necessary to prepare young men for the highest Collegiate Classes, or, if *continued* with us to make them profound thinkers and thorough scholars in every department of a classical education.

BOARD is invariably **$6** per month: Tuition varies from **$8** to **$12.50** per session; Matriculate Fee, **$1** per session.

For further information, address the Principal or Jesse Benbow, Secretary of the Board. Oak Ridge P. O., N. C. (54::3m)

MARBLE YARD.

NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,

Greensboro N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH.

Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,

DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856 1-1y.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

J. BEVERLY HUNTER,

GENERAL LAND AGENT,

SUNBURY GATES Co., N. C.

WILL GIVE prompt attention to the collection of all Bounty Land Claims, Revolutionary Pensions etc., that may be placed in his hands.

He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.

☞ Terms moderate. No charge made in any case unless Successful.

REFERS TO—

Thos. Bragg,	Governor N. C.
Hon. H. W Miller,	Raleigh N. C.
" Kenneth Rayner,	Raleigh N. C.
Col. R. T. Paine,	M. C. N. C.
Joseph Segar	Hampton, Va.

(9?—6m.)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others: Hon. Thomas Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6::1yr.

Cabinet Furniture

AND

COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,

MANUFACTURED BY

JOS. SEARS,

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.

May, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,

COMMISSION & FORWARDING MERCHANTS.

Wilmington, N. C. 1:1y.

A NEW ENTERPRIZE.

YOUNG MEN, Old men or any body-else wishing to make money easy, by engaging in an honorable, pleasant and profitable business will do well to address the subscriber immediately as he is in want of several Agents in every Town and county in the United States for a business by which persevering and energetic persons can make from **$75** to **$100** per month.

This is a rare chance for young man out of employment, or those wishing to change their occupation. Address with only $1 enclosed and I will send full particulars by return mail.

A. N. PETERS.

(51—3mpd.) Norfolk Va.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for January, 1857, is embellished with a splendid Portrait of the Emperor of Russia, with a graphic description of the coronation ceremonies at Moscow, another of Dr. Chalmers, in addition to a rich table of contents served up from the Foreign Periodicals, and ready for its friends and patrons, It should be in every library—on every centre-table. The ECLECTIC has 12 numbers of 144 pages each; 12 or more fine Portraits of Celebrated Men, or beautiful Engravings by Sartain—cheap at 20 cents each—leaving less than $1 for each of the three large volumes, with titles and indexes, and nearly 1800 pages per year of choice reading and permanent value. Price $3. Cheap enough. Please order it at once, by Postmaster. Postage 3 cents on each No. Sent to any part of the country. The January No. begins the 40th Volume. Now is a good time to subscribe. Address

EDITORS TIMES,

Greensboro, N. C.

AGENTS WANTED.—A number of intelligent men of good character, for energy and address, are wanted to canvass various parts of the country for new subscribers to the Eclectic Magazine, to whom a liberal commission is offered. Address the Editor.

W. H. BIDWELL,

(52::tf) No. 5 Beekman st., N. Y.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month. Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 " Washing, .75 "

This will reduce the necessery expenses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.

B. CRAVEN.

Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

SOUTHERN LOTTERY. ON THE HAVANA PLAN of Single Numbers. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY, *by authority of the State of Georgia.* This lottery has only 15,000 numbers—less than any lottery in the world! *SATURDAY SMALL SCHEME!* to be drawn in public, at Macon, Ga., under the sworn superintendence of Col. Geo. M. Logan and W. C. Anderson, Esq. Every Saturday in March and April, 1857. 15,000 NUMBERS. Capital Prize $5,000!

Prizes payable without deduction.

Class 17, March 21st; Class 18, March 28th; Class 19, April 4th; Class 20, April 11th; Class 21, April 18th; Class 22, April 25th.

Scheme.

1 Prize of			$5,000
1	"		1,500
1	"		1,000
1	"		1,000
3 Prizes of	$500 are		1,500
50	"	100 are	5,000
100	"	50 are	5,000
1,516	"	16 are	24,000
1,657 Prizes amounting to			$44,000

Whole Tickets $4; Halves 2; Quarters 1.

☞ Certificates of Packages of Ten Tickets, are sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

10 Whole Tickets	$24
10 Half "	12
10 Quarter "	6

Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par. Checks on New York remitted for Prizes. Address Orders for Tickets or Certificates of Packages of Tickets to

JAMES F. WINTER, *Manager,*

(52::1y) *Macon, Ga.*

Extra Class X, Large Scheme draws May 15th, 1857, 30,000 Numbers—Capital $60,000.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.

Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor.

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.

Oct., 1856. 40::tf

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by

W. C. PORTER

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,

Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers. Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.

References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigg; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::1y.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.

Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.

Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.

Revolving Horse Rakes.

Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.

Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.

Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.

Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.

Scott's Little Giant, all sizes, Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young America. } Corn & Cob Crushers.

McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.

Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.

Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermaturrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge,* on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (59::1y)

JOHN W. PAYNE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 53::1y

NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS.—1280 acres of land for sale—The subscriber offers for sale the following tracts of land each containing 160 acres. The North-east quarter of section 24 of township 54 North in range 23 West. Chariton county, Missouri.

The North-west quarter of section 11 of township 56 in range 21 West. Chariton, co., Mo.

The South-west quarter of section 25 of township 1 North in range 9 West. Adams, co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 17 of township 4 South in range 7 West. Pike co., Ill.

The South-east quarter of section 15 of township 6 South in range 5 West. Pike co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 25 of township 1 South in range 5 West. Adams co., Ill.

The North-west quarter of section 10 of township 2 North in range 2 West. Schuyler co., Ill.

The South-west quarter of section 10 of township 1 North in range 8 East. Arkansas.

The titles are *Patent and Tax* which are equal to *a whole title.*

Address J. BEVERLY HUNTER,

General Land Agent, Sunsbury,

(61::3m) *Gates county, N. C.*

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES

[*Authorized by the State of Georgia.*]

Capital Prize of $30,000!!!—

TICKETS ONLY $10!

Owing to the great favor with which our Single Number Lotteries have been received by the public, and the large demand for Tickets, the Managers, S. SWAN & CO., will have a drawing each Saturday throughout the year.

The following Scheme will be drawn in each of their Lotteries for April, 1857.

CLASS 30,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, April 4th* 1857.

CLASS 31,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, April 11th,* 1857.

CLASS 32,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, April 18th,* 1857.

CLASS 33,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, April 25th,* 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. Three thousand two hundred and ninety Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets.

Magnificent Scheme!

To be drawn

EACH SATTREAY IN APRIL!

1	Prize of	$50,000	is	$50,000
1	"	20,000	is	20,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	2,500	is	2,500
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
100	Prizes of	100	are	10,000
100	"	50	are	5,000

Approximation Prizes.

4	prizes of $225	to $50,000	are	$900
4	"	160 to 20,000	are	640
8	"	80 to 10,000	are	640
12	"	50 to 5,000	are	600
24	"	30 to 2,500	are	720
26	"	25 to 1,000	are	500
3,000	"	20	are	60,000

3,290 Prizes amounting to $204,000

Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2½.

PLAN OF THE LOTTERY.

The Numbers from 1 to 30,000, corresponding with those Numbers on the Tickets printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small tin tubes and placed in one Wheel.

The first 218 Prizes, similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another Wheel.

The wheels are then revolved, and a number is drawn from the wheel of Numbers, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other wheel. The Number and Prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience, and registered by the Commissioners; the Prize being placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.

Approximation Prizes.—The two preceding and the two succeeding Numbers to those drawing the first 18 Prizes will be entitled to the 72 Approximation Prizes, according to the scheme.

The 3,000 I rizes of $20 will be determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the $50,000 Prize. For example, if the Number drawing the $50,000 Prize ends with No. 1, then all the Tickets, where the number ends in 1, will be entitled to $20. If the Number ends with No. 2, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 2, will be entitled to $20, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE		
of Package of 10 Whole Tickets,		$80
"	10 Half "	40
"	10 Quarter "	20
"	10 Eighth "	10

In ordering Tickets or Certificates.

Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail. Purchasers can have tickets ending in any figure they may designate.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.

☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

All communications strictly confidential.

Prize Tickets cashed or renewed in other Tickets at either office.

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

(52::1y)

$100,000!!!

MARYLAND LOTTERY ON THE HAVANA PLAN. To be drawn in Baltimore, Md., on THURSDAY, April 30th, 1857. R. FRANCE & CO., Managers. Drawings conducted under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner. Grand Capital Prize 100 prizes of $1,000 each. Lowest Prize in the Lottery $100! Whole Tickets $20!

This is the most Magnificent Scheme ever drawn in the United States. Only 30,000 Tickets, all of which are prized as follows:

5,000 in Whole Tickets.
5,000 in Half Tickets.
10,000 in Quarter Tickets.
10,000 in Eighth Tickets.

As all these Tickets will, no doubt, be sold by the day of Drawing, persons at a distance will forward their orders as